

THE GREAT — THE ONE AND ONLY

# CAPTAIN BATTLE

COMICS

NO. 1

10¢



HURRY! HURRY!  
CAPTAIN, BEFORE THE  
BOMB EXPLODES!

44 PAGES OF CAPT. BATTLE!

OTHER SMASH FEATURES!





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



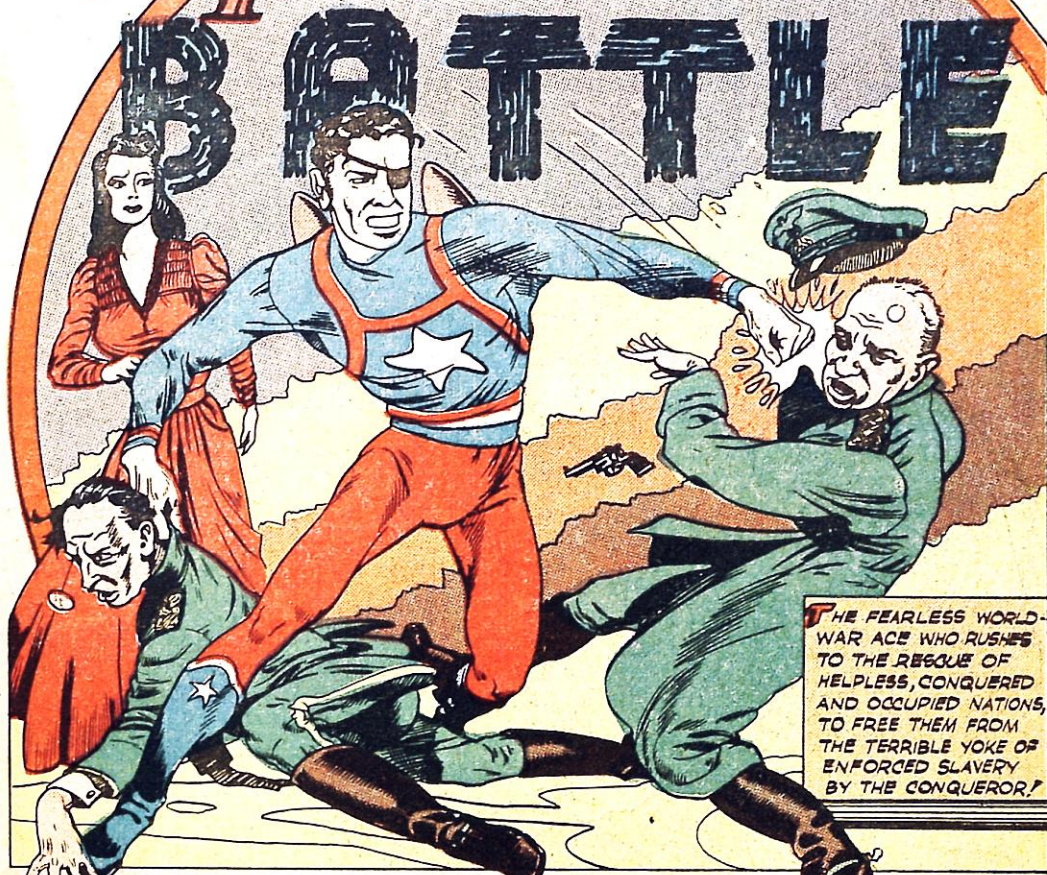




W. W. W.

# Captain

## BATTLE



THE FEARLESS WORLD-WAR ACE WHO RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF HELPLESS, CONQUERED AND OCCUPIED NATIONS, TO FREE THEM FROM THE TERRIBLE YOKE OF ENFORCED SLAVERY BY THE CONQUEROR!

PARIS IN THE SPRING 1941!



SEATED IN THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL EMBASSY ARE SEVERAL GERMAN OFFICERS CELEBRATING A NAZI VICTORY...

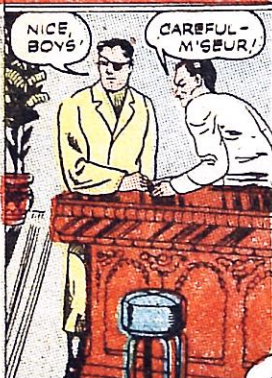


THE FRENCH PATRONS HATE THE SIGHT OF THEM!





UNOBSERVED AT THE BAR STANDS CAPT. BATTLE WHO HAS COME TO PARIS TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE UNDER GERMAN HANDS...



NICE, BOYS

CAREFUL- M'SEUR!

THE GERMANS REQUEST A SONG OF THE FATHERLAND. UNWILLING, ROSE GORDAY IS MADE TO SING IT FOR THEM.



HITLER IS MY HERO. THAT I KNOW, BECAUSE DOCTOR GOEBBLES TOLD ME SO!

POOR ROSE! I DON'T SEE HOW SHE DOES IT!

AS SHE LEAVES THE FLOOR, DETZER, A GERMAN OFFICER, SWAGGERS OVER TO HER...



YOUR REWARD FOR SINGING SO BEAUTIFULLY, IS A SPECIAL KISS FROM ME!



I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS!



HEEL HITLER!



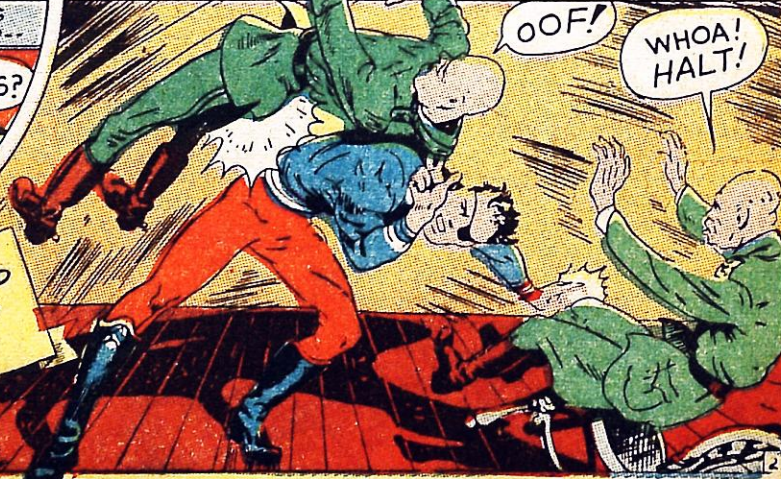
HEIL HIT-

HOOKING TWO FINGERS UNDER DETZER'S COLLAR--

VAS?



CAPTAIN BATTLE FLIPS THE STARTLED OFFICER OVER HIS BACK AND INTO THE OTHERS!



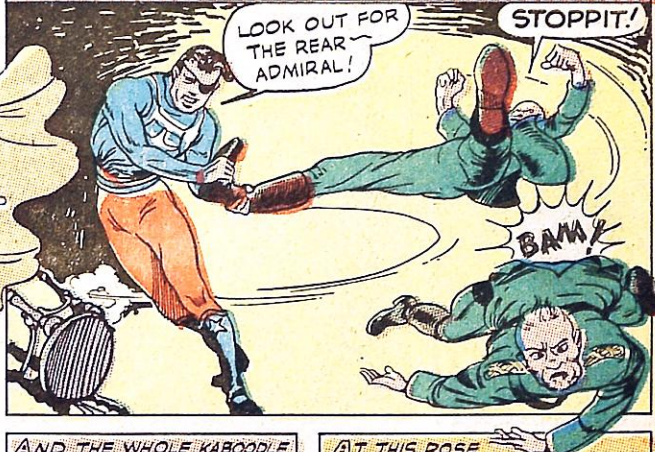
OOF!

WHOA! HALT!





SWINGING THE ENRAGED DETZER BY ONE LEG- CAPTAIN BATTLE FLOORS THE OTHER OFFICERS.



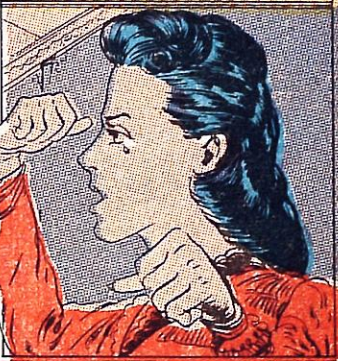
RELEASING DETZER ON THE "UP-SWING" HE CRASHES INTO THE CHANDELIER ---



AND THE WHOLE KABOODLE COMES CRASHING DOWN.



AT THIS, ROSE LEAPS UPON THE TABLE TO LEAD THE FRENCHMEN IN THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM- THE MARSEILLAISE!!



SUDDENLY--



QUICK! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE THE STORM TROOPERS ARE COMING!





JUST THEN THE TROOPERS BREAK IN!



WHAT ISS DER TROUBLE HERE?

REVENGEFUL, DETZER SEIZES ROSE-



SO, YOU MAKE ME SING THE MARSEILLAISE! THIS TIME YOU DONT GET AWAY, SEE?



HIDING BEHIND THE OVERTURNED TABLE, CAPTAIN BATTLE FORTIFIES HIMSELF WITH THE HEAVY GLASS ORNAMENTS OF THE BROKEN CHANDELIER.



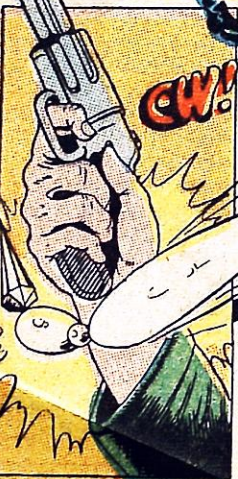
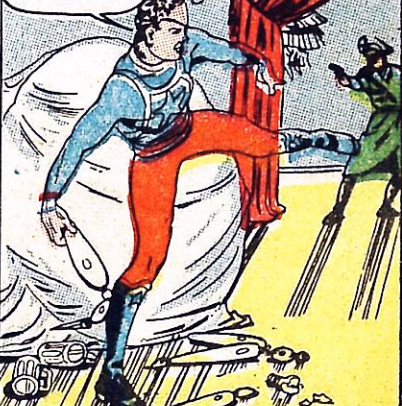
THIS FIRST ONE IS FOR OUR FRIEND DETZER!

A PERFECT HIT!



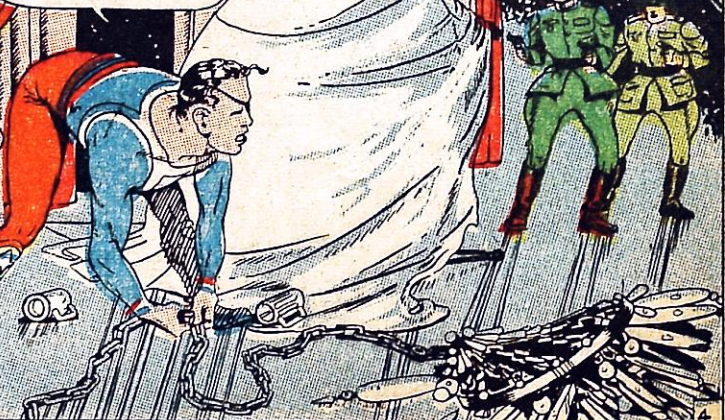
BOOM

HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOY WITH THE SQUIRT GUN!



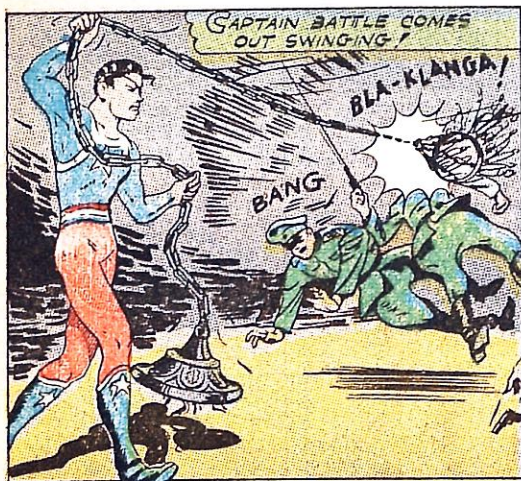
CRASH!

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE BOYS!



COME OUT!







CAPTAIN BATTLE IS GREETED BY A BAND OF FAMILIAR FACES, HIS BUDDIES OF THE WORLD WAR!



HE FINDS THIS IS THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE LAFAYETTE POST OF THE U.S. WAR VETS!



WOULD I? YOU BET! NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME MORE PLEASURE THAN ANOTHER ROUND WITH OUR FRIEND DETZER!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NAZI CONTROLLED FRENCH PRESS APPEARS WITH A BLISTERING ATTACK ON THOSE WHO SANG THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN THE HOTEL EMBASSY!





NOTICES ARE POSTED ON THE KIOSKS NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF THE NEW DEATH-PENALTY FOR SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE!



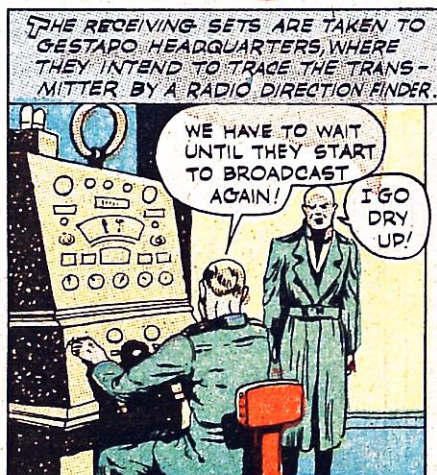
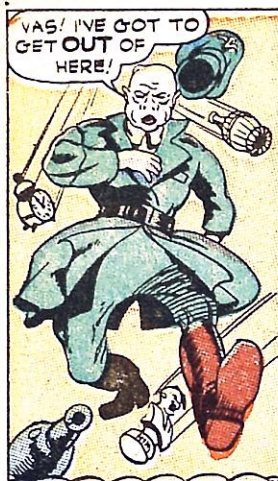
BUT THAT EVENING, A GROUP OF WEIRDLY CLAD FIGURES ENTER THE SEWER SYSTEM UNDER THE STREETS OF PARIS.



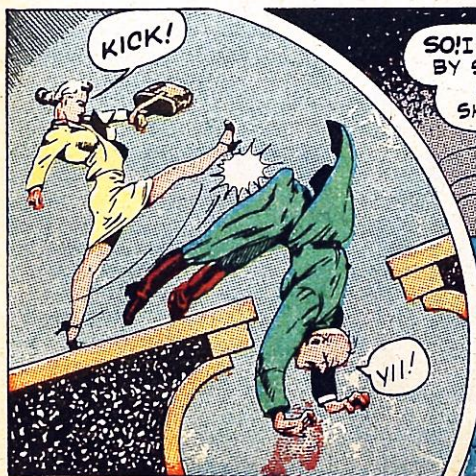
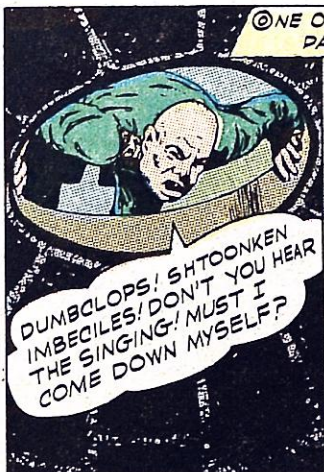
ABOVE ON THE STREETS...



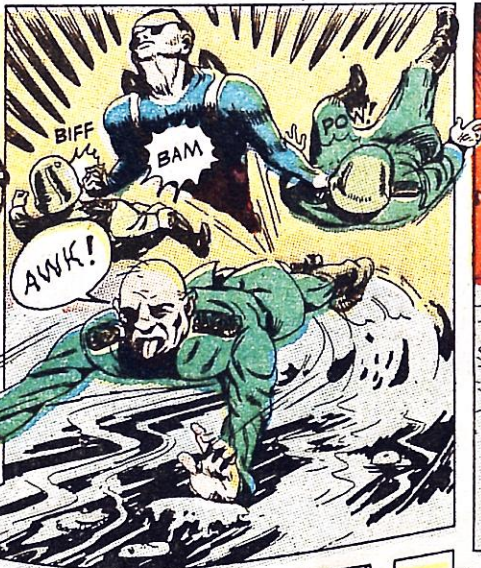
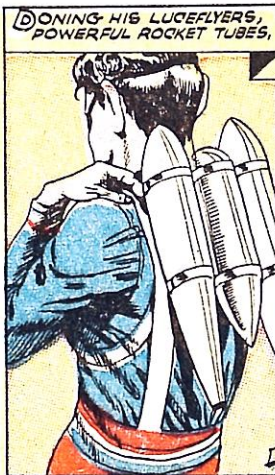












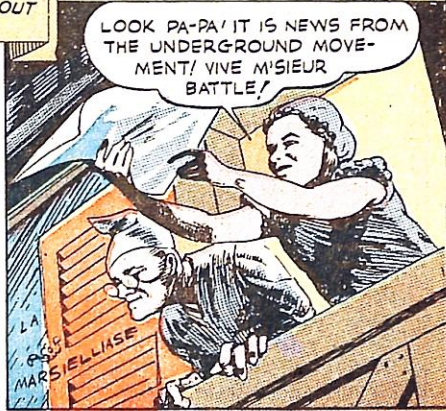




SILENTLY THEY SPRINT THROUGH THE STREETS, TOSSING THE PAPERS INTO THE WIND AND POSTING OTHERS THROUGH OUT THE CITY---



WHEN THE POPULACE IS AWAKENED BY THE STIRRING 'MARSEILLIASE' ONCE AGAIN!

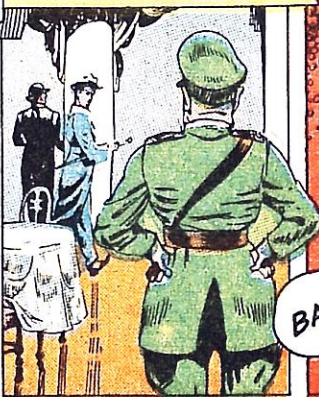




THE MOMENT DETZER ENTERS, THE FRENCHMEN BRING FORTH THEIR WATCHES AND LAY THEM ON THE TABLE BEFORE THEM.



AND AFTER EXACTLY 15 MINUTES ELAPSES, THEY ALL GET UP AND LEAVE.



DETZER IS FURIOUS!



BAH!

BACK AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---



HERR DETZER, MIGHT I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, I HAVE A PLAN.



I SUGGEST WE BLOW COLORED GAS DOWN THE SEWERS. THE GAS WILL SEEP OUT OF THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE "UNDERGROUND" SO DEN WE CAN DISCOVER DER LOCATION!

VAT?



ITS ABOUT TIME YOU DUMPS CLOFFS BEGIN TO USE DER NOODLE! I SHOULD THROW YOU INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR NOT THINKING OF THIS SOONER! SHTOONKEN!

NOW GET OUT, SO I CAN PLAN MY UNDERGROUND BLITZKRIEG GET OUT!



HALLO, DR. GOEBBLES? THIS IS DETZER, YA-- NOW-- VOA!-- WAIT, LISSER! I JUST THOUGHT OF AN IDEA HOW I CAN GET RID OF THE UNDERGROUND! YA!



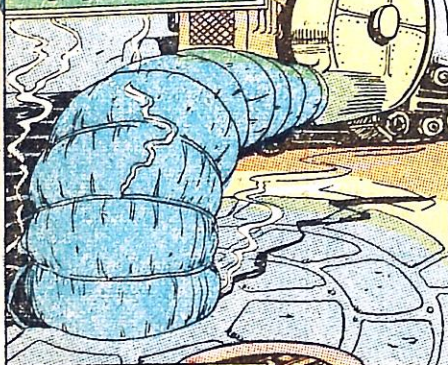
WE WILL COMMENSE OPERATIONS IMMEDIATLY! GIVE MY LOVE TO DER FUEHRER, YA-- AUF WIEDER-SEHEN!

NOW YOU STUPID OXES GET THOSE WIND MACHINES SET UP UND DONT TAKE ALL DAY ABOUT IT, NEIDER! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'VE GOT A SMART COLONEL LIKE DETZER-- YA--!

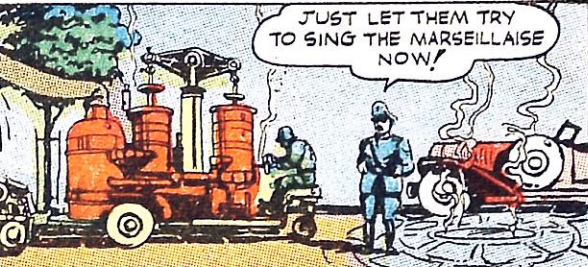




GIANT WIND MACHINES  
SOON BEGIN PUMPING  
THE COLORED GAS  
INTO THE LABYRINTH  
OF SEWERS.



JUST LET THEM TRY  
TO SING THE MARSEILLAISE  
NOW!



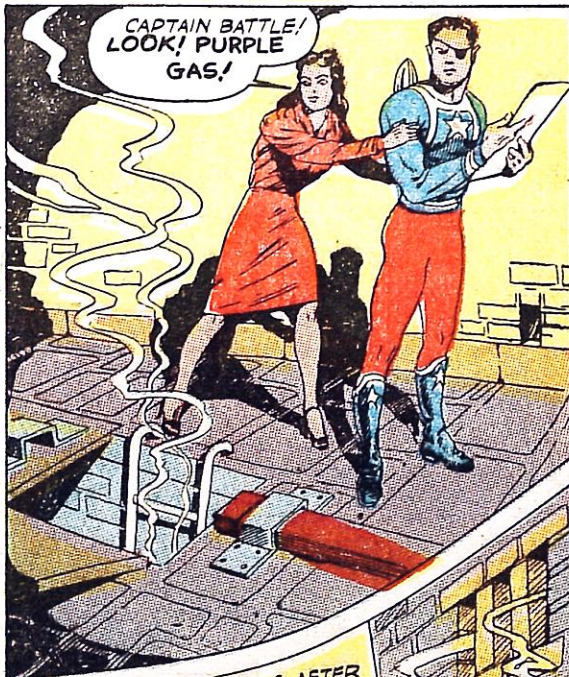
YA! DOTS A LOT EASIER  
THEN SENDING A WHOLE  
ARMY OF MEN DOWN  
TO GET LOST IN  
THOSE SHTOONKEN  
SEWERS!



SLOWLY THE GAS  
HAS BEGUN TO  
CREEP INTO THE  
VERY ENTRANCE  
OF THE 'UNDER-  
GROUND'!



CAPTAIN BATTLE!  
LOOK! PURPLE  
GAS!



THIS IS DETZER'S WORK!  
WE'VE GOT TO SEAL UP  
EVERY CRACK SO THE  
GAS WON'T ESCAPE,  
TO TELL THE NAZIS  
OF OUR HEAD-  
QUARTERS!



THE VETERANS ALL BEING HOME, RESTING AFTER  
THE NIGHT ACTIVITIES, ROSE AND CAPTAIN BATTLE  
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THE TELL-TALE GAS  
FROM ESCAPING!



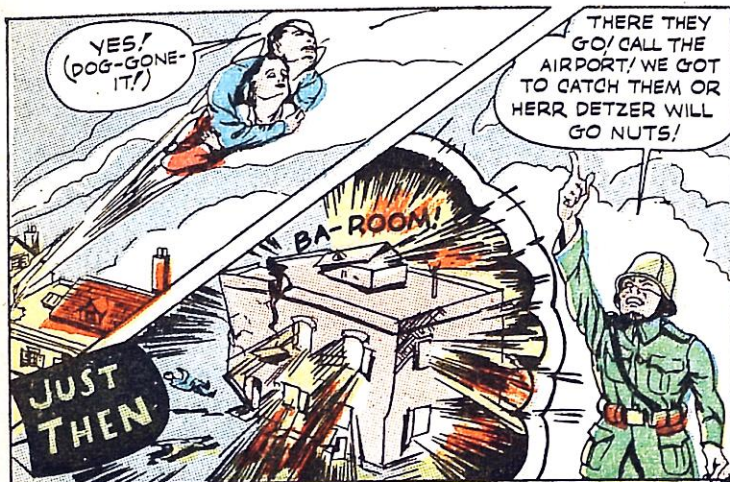
CAPTAIN  
BATTLE!  
LOOK!



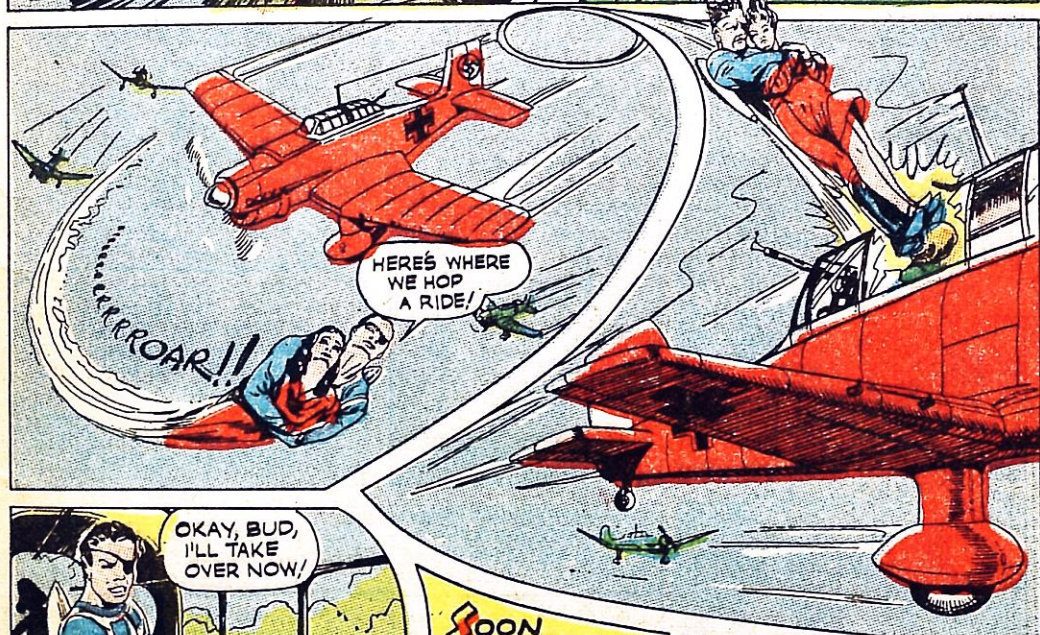


DO WE  
HAVE TO  
GO RIGHT  
AWAY?





A FEW MOMENTS LATER  
A SQUADRON OF STUKAS  
TAKE THE AIR!



SOON  
THE OTHER PLANES  
ARE KNOCKED OUT OF  
THE SKY IN RAPID  
SUCCESSION---

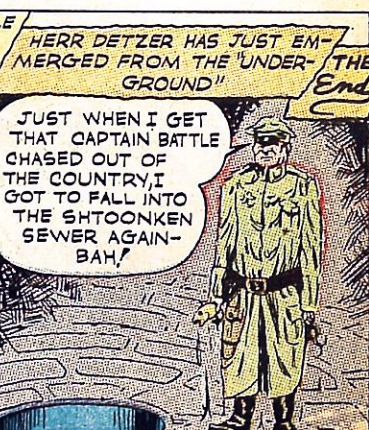
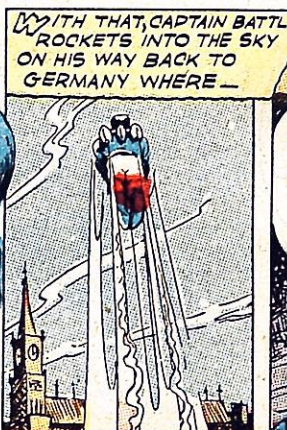
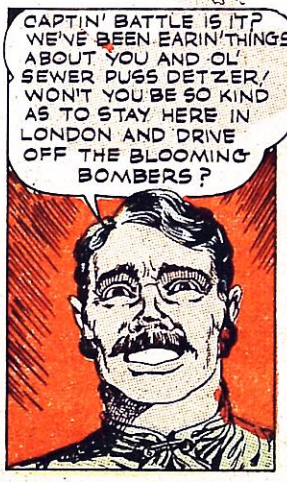
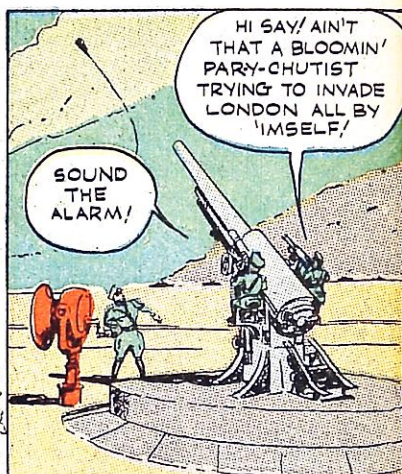


SWITCHING THE RADIO TO THE  
WAVE LENGTH OF PRENTISS'  
SHORT WAVE  
RADIO

PRENTISS, I'M  
TAKING ROSE  
TO ENGLAND  
FOR HER SAFETY,  
I'LL RETURN  
IMMEDIATELY!







BUT... THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM CALL CAPTAIN BATTLE TO NEW, STILL MORE, EXCITING ADVENTURES... — IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK



# Captain BATTLE

SAVIOR OF CHUNGKING!

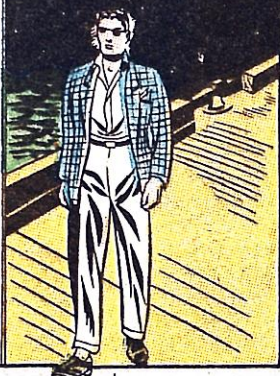


TORTURE, DEATH AND A JAPANESE SPY! THESE WERE THE INGREDIENTS OF A MYSTERY THAT PLUNGED CAPTAIN BATTLE FROM THE FRISCO WATERFRONT TO WAR TORN CHINA! FOR THE JAPANESE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING AND THE FATE OF ASIA WAS AT STAKE!



DUSK FALLS OVER THE EMBARCADERO SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS WATERFRONT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE GOES FOR A STROLL.

SAY...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



RACING ALONG THE WHARVES...HE DISCOVERS A DOCK BRAWL...

TAKE THAT! HONORABLE DOG! FOUR JAPANESE TO ONE CHINESE! I'LL LOWER THE ODDS A LITTLE!



TAKE THAT... MOST HONORABLE SKUNK!



ONE OF THE JAPANESE WHIPS OUT A GUN... THIS WILL LIQUIDATE AUDACIOUS AMERICAN!



BUT THE SLUG MERELY GRAZED CAPTAIN BATTLE! HE RECOVERS HIS SENSES TO HEAR...

A MOTORBOAT... THAT MUST BE MY PALS!

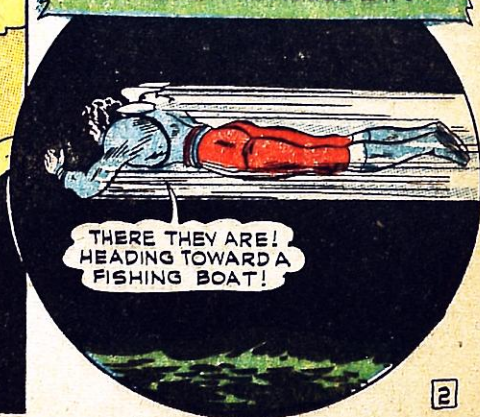


THE CAPTAIN PREPARES FOR ACTION...HE DONS HIS UNIFORM AND LUGGERS

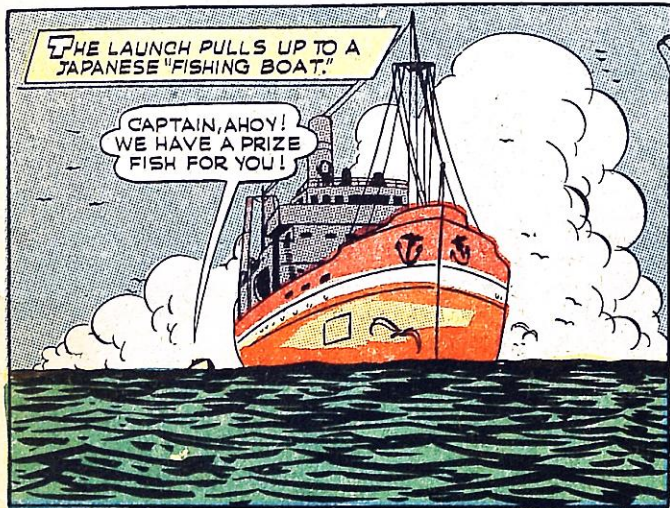
NOW TO NIP THE NIPPONESE!



HIS BODY HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY!





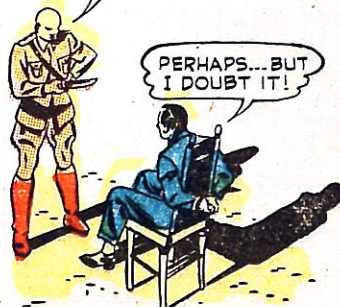




HE MOVES TO A DOOR... OPENS IT SLIGHTLY...



PERHAPS, LU-SING, A RED HOT BLADE WILL PURSUADE YOU TO REVEAL THE WHEREABOUTS OF MAO TUNG'S 10TH ROUTE ARMY?



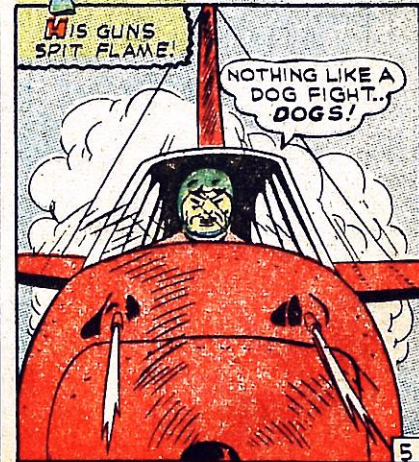
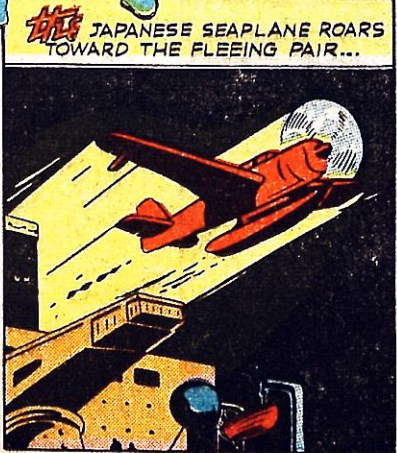
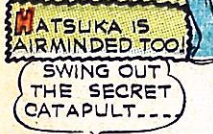
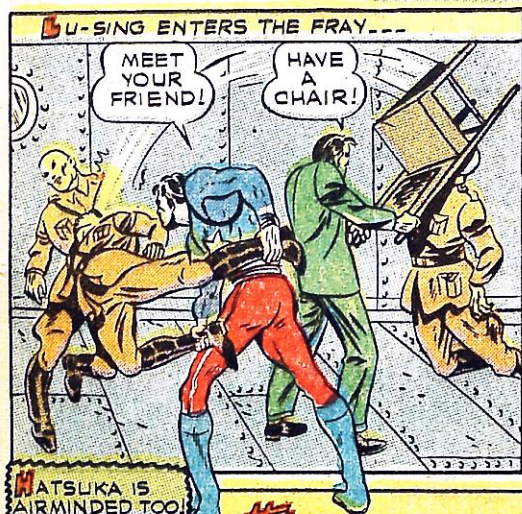
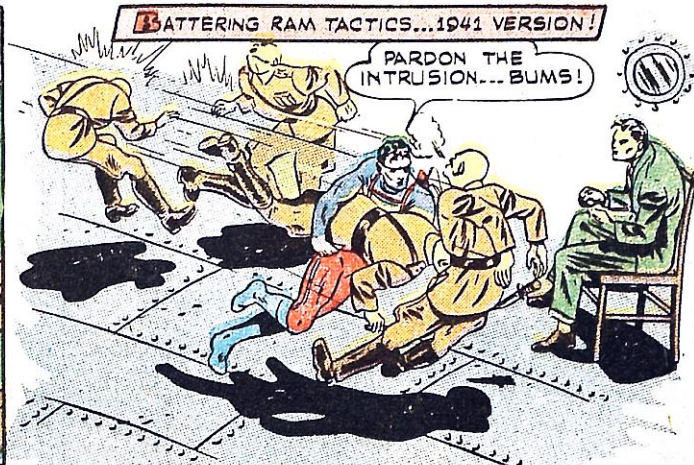
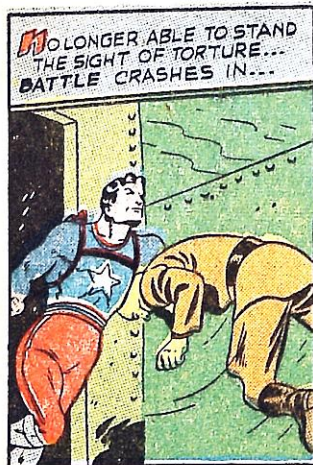
THE SEARING BLADE GOES UNDER ONE OF LU SING'S FINGERNAILS!



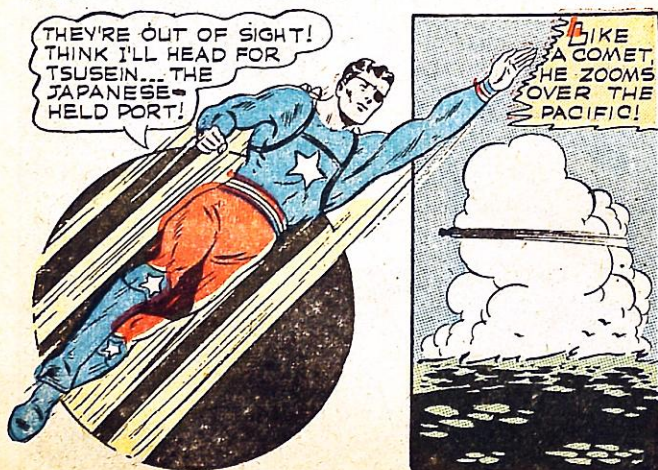
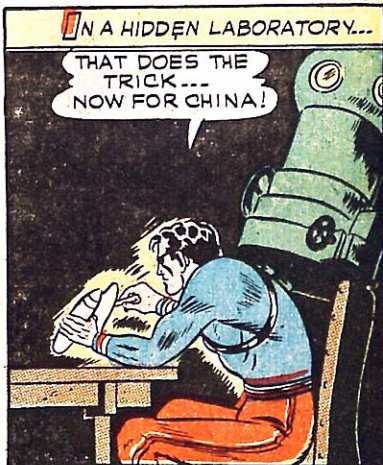
SWEEP POURS OUT OF LU-SING'S BROW AS THE KNIFE SEARS HIS FLESH!













NIGHT AND DAY, BATTLE  
LURKS OUTSIDE JAPANESE  
ARMY HEADQUARTERS...  
WATCHING...

NO  
LUCK  
YET,  
SAY!



SUDDENLY HE DARTS INTO  
THE SHADOWS...

CURIOUS...BUT THIS  
GUY IS THE DEAD IMAGE  
OF LU-SING!



BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM...  
HE DIED IN MY ARMS  
IN 'FRISCO BAY!



ONE THING'S SURE...  
LU-SING WOULD NEVER  
CALL ON THE JAPANESE!  
NOT EVEN HIS GHOST!



**HE** CAPTAIN SHOOTS UP  
TO A WINDOW...

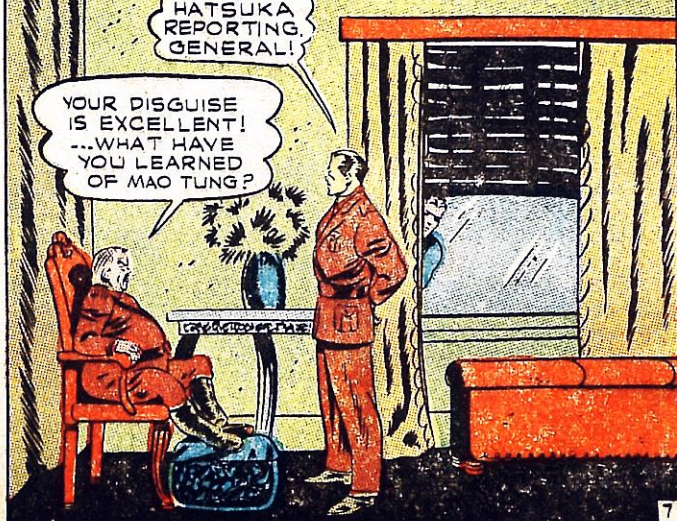


I THINK THIS  
IS THE GENERAL'S  
OFFICE!

**HE** TAKES A PEEK AND SEES...

HATSUKA  
REPORTING  
GENERAL!

YOUR DISGUISE  
IS EXCELLENT!  
...WHAT HAVE  
YOU LEARNED  
OF MAO TUNG?





CHINESE UNDERGROUND SOURCES, BELIEVING ME TO BE LU-SING CONFIDED THAT MAO TUNG... AND A FEW OFFICERS LEFT THEIR BASE TO GO TO CHUNKING TO ARRANGE FOR SUPPLIES!



HMM...-MAIKING IS STILL IN CHINESE HANDS, THOUGH WE'VE BEEN STORMING IT FOR DAYS! SUPPOSE YOU GO THERE AND KIDNAP MAO TUNG... BRING HIM BACK ALIVE... I WANT TO KNOW THE LOCATION OF HIS SECRET BASE!



*Meanwhile...* A GUN BARKS OUTSIDE... THE EAVES DROPPER IS DISCOVERED!



COME DOWN... SPY!



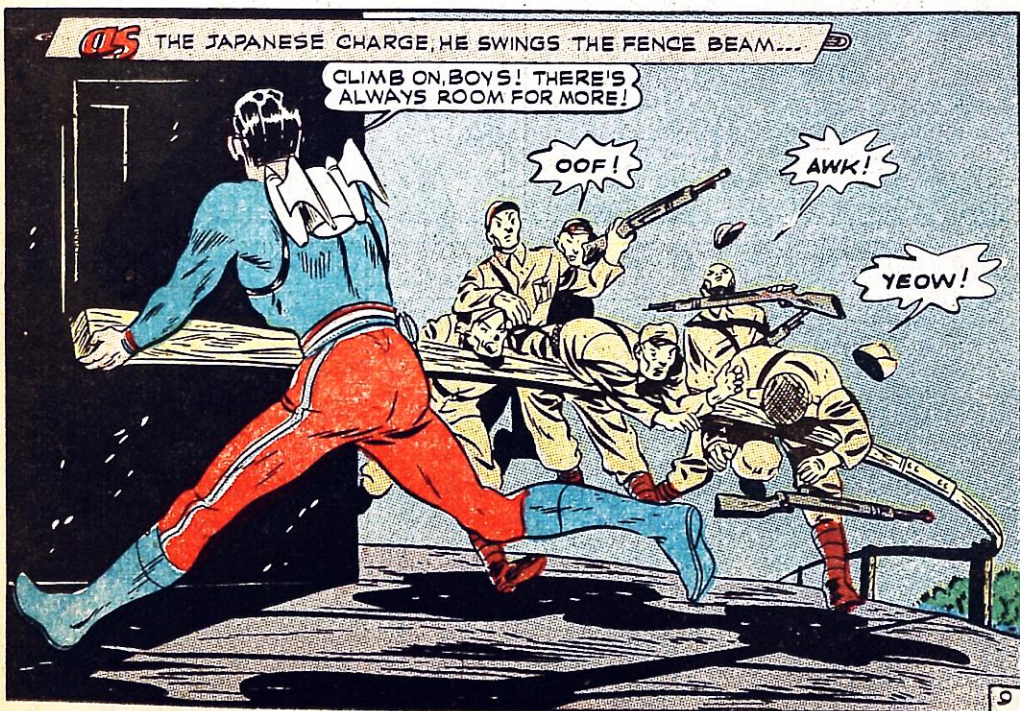
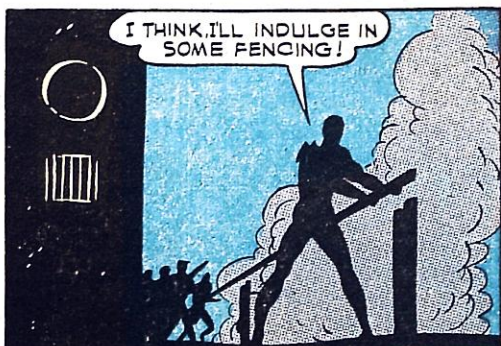
THIS ISN'T WAR... IT'S A PICNIC!



GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU!











**UP  
HE  
GOES!**

IF I HAD TIME BOYS,  
I'D GIVE YOU AN  
HONORABLE  
BRONX  
CHEER!



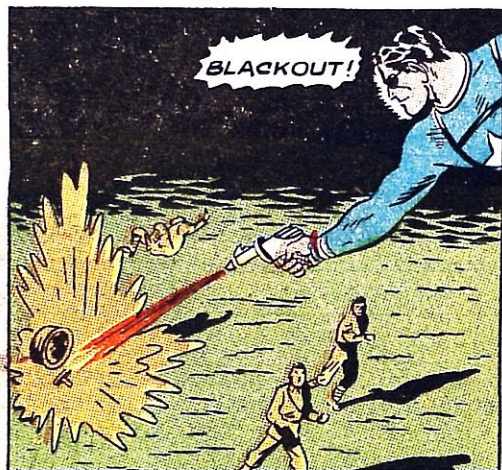
**FROM BELOW A SEARCH-  
LIGHT PROBES THE SKY...**

CAUGHT LIKE A MOTH  
IN A FLAME!

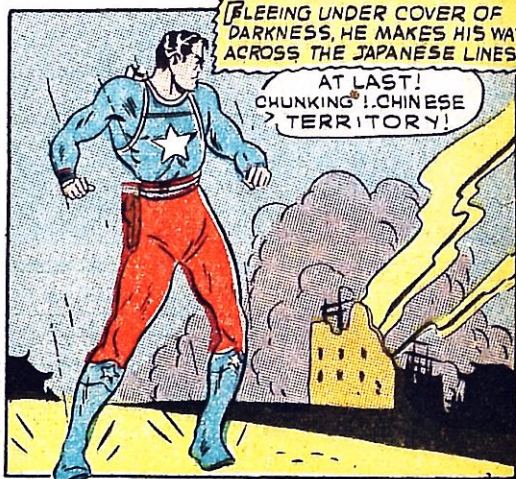


**ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS GO INTO  
ACTION IMMEDIATELY!**

I'VE GOT TO DOUSE  
THAT SEARCHLIGHT!



**BLACKOUT!**



**FLEEING UNDER COVER OF  
DARKNESS, HE MAKES HIS WAY  
ACROSS THE JAPANESE LINES!**

AT LAST!  
CHUNKING\*! CHINESE  
TERRITORY!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO  
ARMY HEADQUARTERS  
AND WARN MAO TUNG!



**OUT OF THE SHADOWS  
LOOMS A SENTRY.**

HALT!....  
WHO GOES  
THERE?

A FRIEND!  
I COME TO SEE  
MAO TUNG!



**A CHINESE OFFICER APPEARS...**

YOU DID? ODD! ONLY  
A SPY WOULD KNOW  
MAO TUNG IS IN CHUNKING!



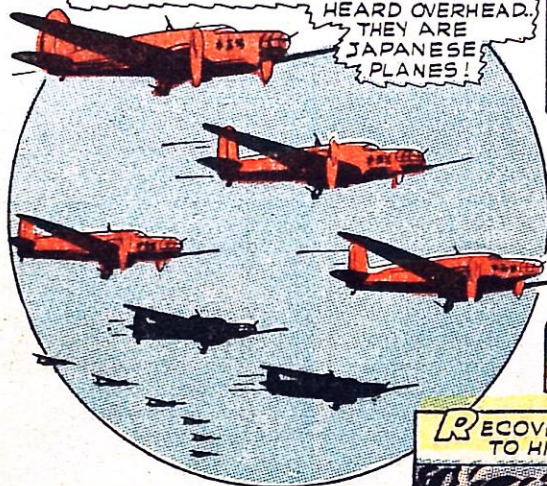




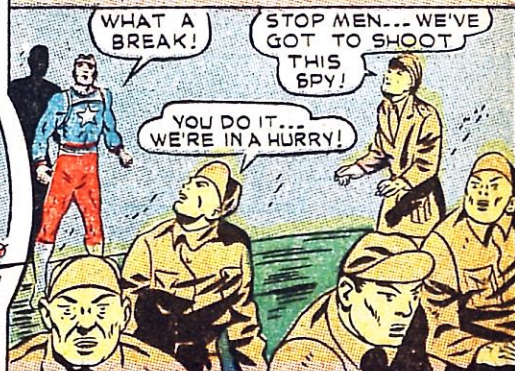
CAPTAIN BATTLE IS LED TO A WALL...  
A FIRING SQUAD IS FORMED...



BUT BEFORE HATSUKA CAN GIVE THE ORDER  
TO FIRE... THE ROAR OF MOTORS IS  
HEARD OVERHEAD.  
THEY ARE  
JAPANESE  
PLANES!



THERE IS A LOUD BLAST... A FLASH...  
IT'S A BOMBING RAID! THE FIRING  
SQUAD WHIRLS...



RECOVERING HIS SENSES, BATTLE STAGGERS  
TO HIS FEET TO FIND...



ENRAGED... HATSUKA SEIZES  
A FALLEN GUN... PRESSES THE  
TRIGGER... BUT IT JAMS!





*THE* JAPANESE WAR MACHINE  
PURVEYER OF CULTURE, COMES  
TO BRING A NEW ORDER TO THE  
CHINESE "BARBARIANS", AND IF  
SOME CHINESE DIE IN THE  
PROCESS... THAT, AS THE JAPS  
WOULD SAY,... IS "TOO BAD!"

**CRASH!**

DOWN ZOOM FIGHTING  
PLANES, GUNS SPURTING,  
AS THEY STRAFE HELP-  
LESS CITIZENS!

MOST  
AMUSING!

**M**OST AMUSING INDEED!

**AGHR!**

*Meanwhile,* HATSUKA  
GLARES UPWARD...

THE FOOLS! THEY WOULD  
ATTACK JUST WHEN I WAS  
GETTING RID OF THAT SPY!

[FOR REPLY, ANOTHER BOMB  
DROPS... TOO CLOSE TO  
HATSUKA FOR COMFORT!

I'D  
BETTER  
DUCK INTO  
THIS  
CELLAR!



OBVIOUS TO THE DEATH THAT RAINS FROM THE SKY, CAPTAIN BATTLE CONTINUES HIS HUNT FOR HATSUKA!



SUDDENLY...HE WHIRLS AT THE SOUND OF A POIGNANT CRY...

HELP! HELP!  
MY BABY!

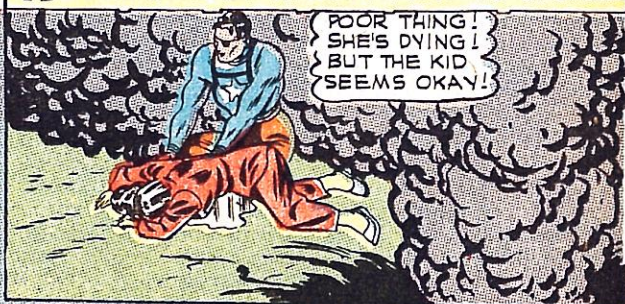
HER HOME'S BEEN  
HIT! I'LL HAVE  
TO GET THEM  
OUT OF THIS!



BUT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE STARTS TOWARD THE WOMAN...



HE FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE...



POOR THING!  
SHE'S DYING!  
BUT THE KID  
SEEMS OKAY!

FORGET ME...  
AND SAVE MY BABY!  
SOME DAY, HE TOO  
CAN FIGHT TO FREE  
CHINA !!

WITH THE BABY IN HIS ARMS,  
BATTLE HEADS FOR AN  
AIR RAID SHELTER... HE  
REACHES IT UNSCATHED!

THANK YOU...  
WE ARE VERY  
GRATEFUL!

IT WAS A  
PLEASURE!





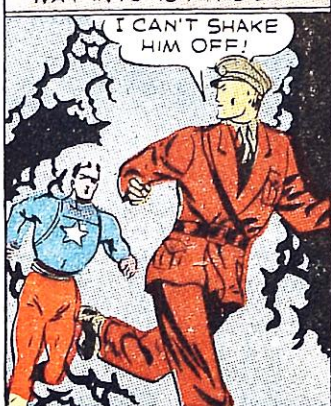
BATTLE TURNS... HIS EYE FALLS ON... HATSUKA!



AH! THERE YOU ARE!

YOU MEAN, THERE I WAS!

HE CHASES HIM ALL THE WAY INTO NO-MAN'S LAND!



I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF!

THE LIEUTENANT WHO ARRESTED BATTLE SEES THE CHASE AND...



THERE'S THAT SPY, BATTLE... SHOOT HIM!

THE CHINESE SOLDIERS LET GO A FUSILLADE!



DODGING BULLETS... BATTLE HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR!



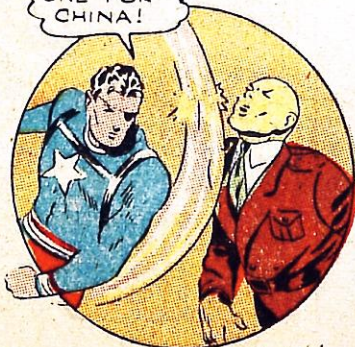
GOT HIM!

CL LOOPING RIGHT KNOCKS HATSUKA'S MAKEUP OFF!



OWW!

HERE'S ONE FOR CHINA!



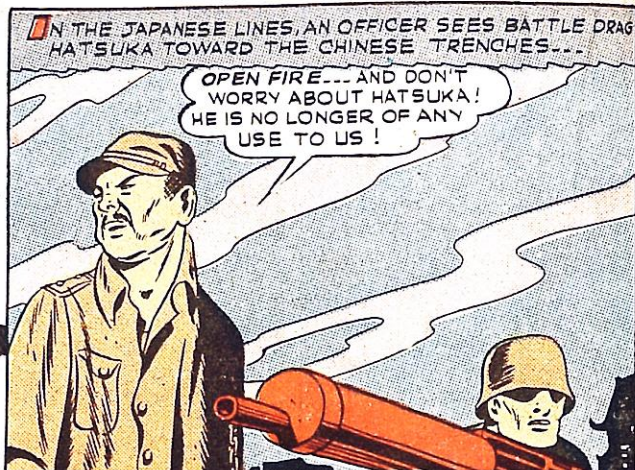
*meanwhile*... IN THE CHINESE TRENCH...







LET'S GO  
"HATSIE"!



IN THE JAPANESE LINES, AN OFFICER SEES BATTLE DRAG  
HATSIKA TOWARD THE CHINESE TRENCHES...

OPEN FIRE... AND DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT HATSIKA!  
HE IS NO LONGER OF ANY  
USE TO US!



BATTLE DRAGS HIS PRISON-  
ER TO SAFETY...



LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALISSIMO MAO TUNG.

START TALKING, HATSIE...  
DON'T BE BASHFUL!



I CAME TO KIDNAP  
THE HONORABLE  
GENERAL... AND I  
WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED  
BUT FOR THIS  
AMERICAN  
MEDDLER!



AFTER HATSIKA IS LED TO PRISON.

YOU HAVE DONE A  
GREAT SERVICE  
FOR ME AND CHINA!  
I GIVE YOU MY  
HEARTFELT THANKS!

YOU'RE  
WELCOME!  
GENERAL!  
IF YOU NEED  
ME, JUST DROP  
ME A LINE!

**F**OLLOW  
THE ONE AND ONLY  
**CAPTAIN  
BATTLE**  
IN FAST-MOVING  
EXCITING ADVENTURES  
EXCLUSIVELY IN  
**SILVER STREAK  
COMICS**  
EVERY MONTH!



# Captain

# BATTLE

**C**APTAIN BATTLE, FAMOUS HERO OF WORLD WAR I, LOST AN EYE WHILE FIGHTING HAND TO HAND IN CHATEAU THIERRY. RETURNING HOME, HE DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EVIL! HIS MANY SECRET INVENTIONS, WIDE KNOWLEDGE AND AMAZING STRENGTH FORM AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION! DEFENDER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, CAPTAIN BATTLE IS AMERICA'S HERO! THE IDOL OF THE NATION'S YOUTH!

**C**HICAGO....TEEMING METROPOLIS, WHICH RID ITSELF OF THE NATION'S WORST RACKET MOBS...AGAIN HITS THE FRONT PAGE, AS CAPTAIN BATTLE, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM'S CAUSE, PITS HIMSELF AGAINST A SINISTER GROUP OF MEN WHO APPROPRIATELY CALL THEMSELVES, THE F.F.F. (FIRE, FORCE AND FEAR.) THEY ARE THE DREAD ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE, AS THE FEARFUL SHADOW OF THE F.F.F. LOOMS OVER THE CITY... A GROUP OF MEN GATHER ON THE NORTH SIDE...

**B**RISTOL BARLETT, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR PRESERVATION OF DEMOCRACY, ADDRESSES THE MEETING OF WORRIED PATRIOTS!

GENTLEMEN! ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS ANTI-DEMOCRATIC GROUPS IN THE COUNTRY HAS ESTABLISHED HEADQUARTERS IN THIS CITY!

**B**ARLETT PAUSES TO ASK THE REPORTERS A FAVOR... AMONG THEM IS, KELLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE'S NEWSPAPER PAL...

WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY NOW, MUST BE WITHHELD FROM PUBLICATION...FOR OUR COUNTRY'S SAKE! DO YOU AGREE, BOYS?

SURE! YOU CAN TRUST US, MR. BARLETT.



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE CHICAGO HOODED LEAGUE HAS BRANCHES IN ALL MAJOR CITIES, CALLING THEMSELVES THE F.F.F., AND THEIR LEADER'S NAME IS...



AS THE CHAIRMAN IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURE, THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

WHAT TH'?

FIND THE SWITCH!

I'VE GOT IT, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK!

SUDDENLY A NEEDLE OF LIGHT PIERCES THE DARKNESS... SLOWLY IT MOVES ACROSS THE FACES OF THE AUDIENCE...

WHAT'S THIS... A GAG?

IT'S COMING FROM THE BALCONY!



...AND STOPS ABRUPTLY ON BARLETT'S FACE!

HEY! CUT OUT THAT LIGHT!

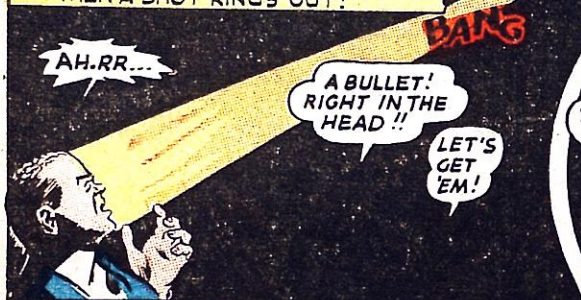


FOR ONE OMINOUS MOMENT, THE LIGHT LINGERS ON THE PATRIOT'S FACE... THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT!

AH.RR...

A BULLET! RIGHT IN THE HEAD!!

LET'S GET 'EM!



**But** THE DOOR LEADING TO THE BALCONY OPENS... REVEALING CAPTAIN BATTLE!

TOO LATE! BUT NOT TOO LATE TO GET THE KILLER!



CAPTAIN BATTLE DISCERNS A STRANGE, GREEN HOODED FIGURE... WITH A LOOPING SWING, HE GOES INTO ACTION!

SWEET DREAMS RAT!

YEOW!



**But** THE HOODED MAN RECOVERS AND VICIOUSLY SWINGS THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE!

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR DREAMING, FELLOW!

CRACK!



THE CUT WIRES ARE FIXED... THE LIGHTS FLASH ON... BUT THE HOODED MAN HAS DISAPPEARED! THIS RIFLE IS EQUIPPED WITH A FLASHLIGHT... LIKE THE ONES USED FOR HUNTING MOOSE AT NIGHT!

WELL, CAPTAIN BATTLE! WHAT HIT YOU?





**Suddenly...** A MAN AT THE PRESS TABLE DOWNSTAIRS, POINTS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT CAPTAIN BATTLE!

ABSURD! THE KILLER SLUGGED ME WITH THIS GUN!

HE'S THE MURDERER! AND I'M GOING TO SAY SO IN MY PAPER!

As THE CAPTAIN SMASHES HIS WAY OUT OF THE MEETING ROOM, KELLY RUSHES BACK TO THE PRESS ROOM!

YEA! KILLED INSTANTLY! A REPORTER SUSPECTS CAPTAIN BATTLE... BUT I'M NOT SO SURE!

...AFTER SOCKING THE COPS WHO RAN INTO THE HALL, THE CAPTAIN RAN TO THE EMERGENCY EXIT AND JUMPED TO THE STREET!

FOOLS! I WONDER WHAT THEY'D DO IF THEY KNEW THE SLAYER WAS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND THEM?

KELLY TRAILS THE NEWS-PAPERMAN WHO ACCUSED THE CAPTAIN OF BARLETT'S MURDER.

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S THOMPSON, EDITOR OF MID-WEST NATIONALIST... A PAPER THAT LIKES THE WAY, HITLER DOES THINGS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE... WHILE THE TOWN'S CHASING CAPTAIN BATTLE!

SUSPECTED OF THE SLAYING, THE CAPTAIN MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU! SEE YOU LATER, KELLY!



NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST! YOU'VE GOT "JAIL" WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU!

HAVING PHONED THE STORY TO HIS OFFICE, KELLY GOES TO THE HOTEL LOBBY WHERE HE MEETS CAPTAIN BATTLE'S SECRETARY.

GOSH! HE WOULD KNOCK THE POLICE FORCE AROUND! THAT GUY IS TROUBLE!

YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN! EXCUSE ME! I SEE A MAN, I DON'T LIKE! I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY!

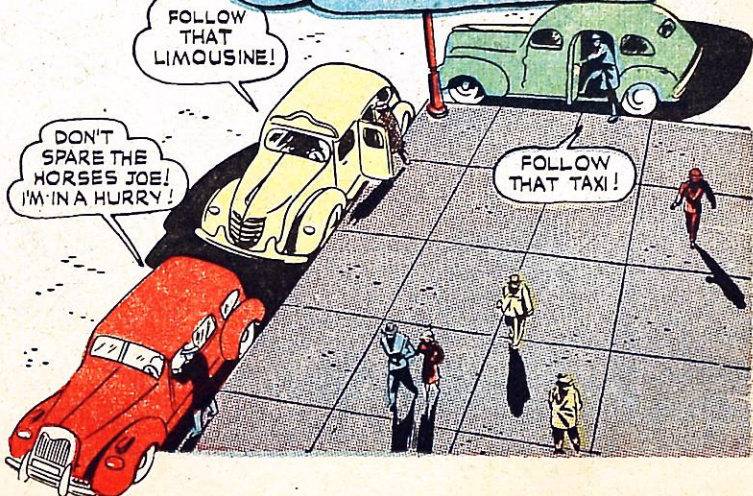


As KELLY FOLLOWS THOMPSON, CAPTAIN BATTLE HAVING DONNED CIVILIAN CLOTHES, STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...

FOLLOW THAT LIMOUSINE!

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES JOE! I'M IN A HURRY!

FOLLOW THAT TAXI!





STEPPING INTO THE LIMOUSINE THOMPSON GETS A SHOCK!

WHAT TH... MAJOR DAVIS?

IF MY MAKEUP FOOLED YOU, IT OUGHT TO FOOL THE ARMY!



BOB STEWART! PERFECT! BUT, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAJOR?

HE REPOSES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHICAGO RIVER! I SUPPOSE YOU GOT RID OF BARLETT?



BOB STEWART, AN AIDE OF THOMPSON'S, HAS KILLED THE MAJOR AND IN DISGUISE, IS TAKING HIS PLACE!

AS HE PICKS UP A SHORT-WAVE RADIO MICROPHONE... THOMPSON EXPLAINS.

I HAD TO WORK FAST...RUNNING TO THE PRESS TABLE FROM BALCONY WAS HARD ENOUGH, BUT THAT CAPTAIN BATTLE ALMOST UPSET MY PLANS!...CALLING ALL LEAGUE CARS...



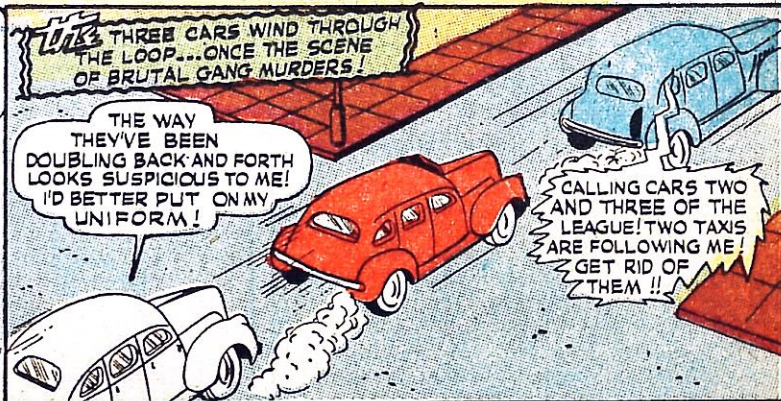
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I THOUGHT THE UPRISING STARTS TOMORROW!

CALLING THE LEAGUE! ATTENTION! YOUR LEADER SPEAKS! STRIKE NOW! FRAME THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC LEADERS... SMASH CHURCHES AND UNIONS! SPREAD TERROR! SHOW NO MERCY...



LIKE THREE CARS WIND THROUGH THE LOOP...ONCE THE SCENE OF BRUTAL GANG MURDERS!

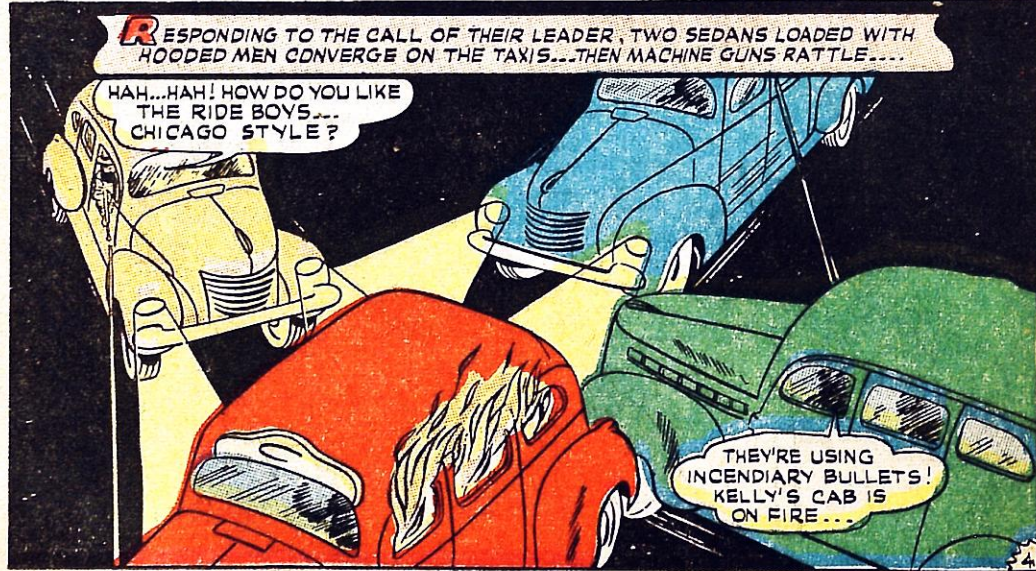
THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN DOUBLING BACK AND FORTH LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME! I'D BETTER PUT ON MY UNIFORM!



CALLING CARS TWO AND THREE OF THE LEAGUE! TWO TAXIS ARE FOLLOWING ME! GET RID OF THEM!!

RESPONDING TO THE CALL OF THEIR LEADER, TWO SEDANS LOADED WITH HOODED MEN CONVERGE ON THE TAXIS...THEN MACHINE GUNS RATTLE....

HAH...HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE BOYS... CHICAGO STYLE?



THEY'RE USING INCENDIARY BULLETS! KELLY'S CAB IS ON FIRE...



CAPTAIN BATTLE RUSHES TO AID KELLY!

OUR HOODED PALS  
ARE SCRAMMING! GUESS I  
OUGHT TO THANK YOU... BUT  
I WON'T, TILL I KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE!

SOME DAY!  
SAY!  
WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE!

LOOKS LIKE THE LEAGUE  
HAS STARTED ITS DIRTY  
WORK! WE MUST STOP IT'S  
SPREAD ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

I'LL CALL MY  
OFFICE! SEE  
YOU LATER!

DISGUISED AS HONEST RAILROAD WORKERS, A  
GANG OF HOODED MEN PLANT A BOMB ON THE  
TRACKS OF THE 'EL'. IT EXPLODES WITH A ROAR...  
A STRING OF CARS PLUNGE INTO THE STREET. THE WORK-  
MEN ARE BLAMED AS THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS...

HOODED MEN POUR INTO THE STREET... THE  
DECENT CITIZENS ARE COWED! SUCH SCENES  
ARE DUPLICATED THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY  
UP WITH FASCISM!

WE SURRENDER...  
I'D RATHER WEAR A HOOD  
THAN A WOODEN BOX!

THEY'LL CHAIN  
YOU WITH LIVING DEATH!  
ALL THOSE WHO  
LOVE FREEDOM,  
FOLLOW ME!

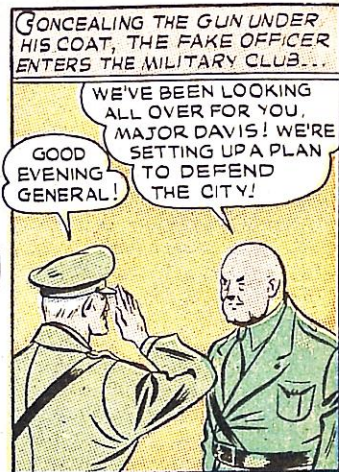
HE'S RIGHT!  
C'MON WE CAN  
ONLY DIE  
ONCE!

THE CAPTAIN'S CLARION CALL INSPIRES THE MEN  
WITH SWINGING FISTS AND FEARLESS HEARTS  
THEY CHARGE THE HOODED MEN!

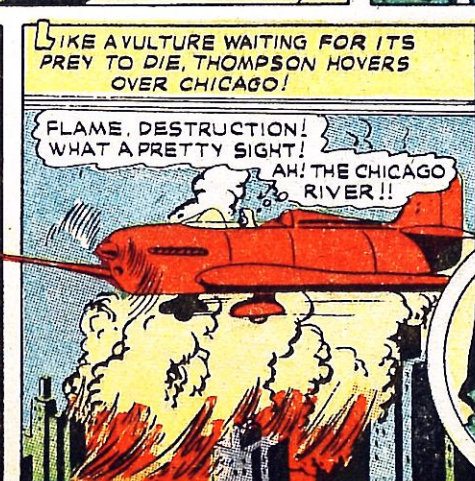
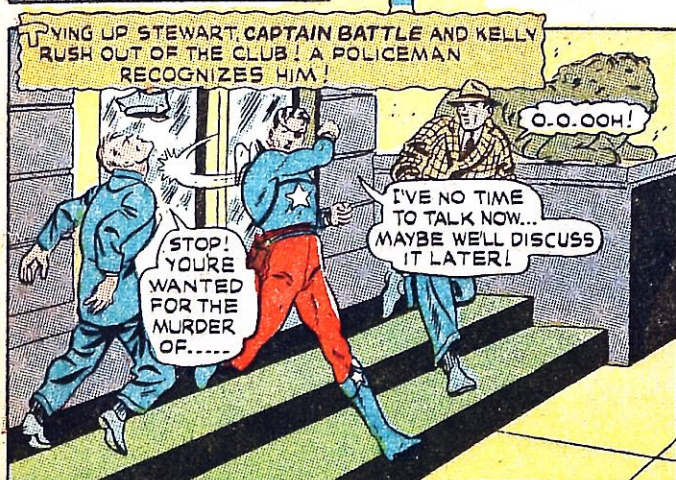
KILL!  
KILL!  
KILL!

IF WASHINGTON  
WERE ALIVE,  
THIS IS ONE  
FIGHT HE  
WOULDN'T  
MISS!











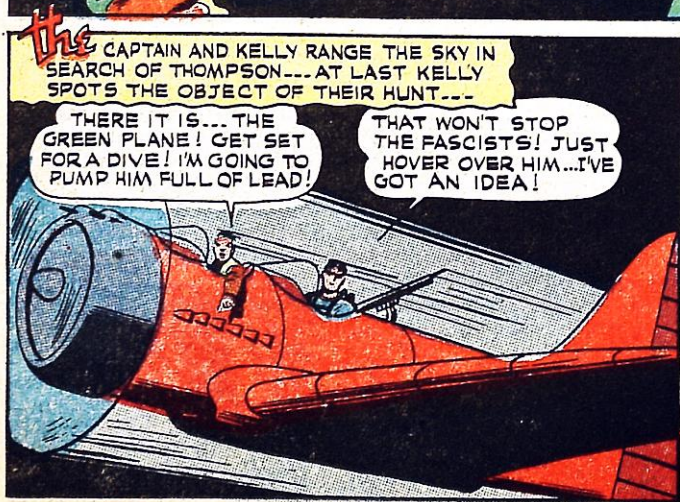
A TREMENDOUS SERIES OF BLASTS SHAKE THE CITY! THE HOODED MEN CONTINUE THEIR SLAUGHTER... BUT THE EMBATTLED PEOPLE OFFER A STOUT RESISTANCE. OVER THIS SCENE OF TERROR AND DEATH FLIES THE GLOATING THOMPSON, THE MAN WHO WOULD RULE AMERICA!

HA! HA! HA!  
KILL! KILL!  
KILL!

WHAM!

THE LEADER  
SAID, 'SHOW NO  
MERCY!'

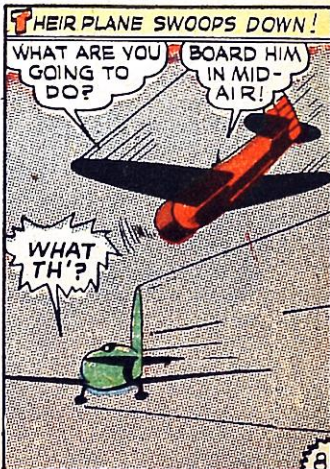
MERCY!  
MERCY!



*the* CAPTAIN AND KELLY RANGE THE SKY IN SEARCH OF THOMPSON... AT LAST KELLY SPOTS THE OBJECT OF THEIR HUNT...

THERE IT IS... THE GREEN PLANE! GET SET FOR A DIVE! I'M GOING TO PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD!

THAT WON'T STOP THE FASCISTS! JUST HOVER OVER HIM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



THEIR PLANE SWOOPS DOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BOARD HIM IN MID-AIR!

WHAT TH'?



**The** CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS  
THE MOST DANGEROUS FEAT  
IN AERIAL STUNTING!

HURRAY FOR THE  
MAN ON THE  
FLYING TRAPEZE!

**BUT** THOMPSON HAS ANOTHER  
NOTION...

I DON'T LIKE  
INTRUDERS, MISTER!  
TAKE A WALK!

MISSED ME! AS A  
SHARPSHOOTER,  
HE'D MAKE A  
SWELL  
BUM!

IF THOMPSON  
TAKES A NOTION  
TO BANK OR DIVE,  
I'LL MISS...I'D RATHER  
NOT USE MY LUCEFLYERS!

**YOU  
RAT!**

GRABBING THE GUN.....THE  
CAPTAIN BARKS AN ORDER...

CALL YOUR PALS AND  
TELL THEM THEY'RE BEATEN!  
TELL THEM TO RETREAT!

**B**EFORE THOMPSON CAN FIRE  
AGAIN, THE CAPTAIN LUNGES...

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL  
MELT YOU INTO  
A JELLO  
PUDDING....

**YEOW!**

CALLING THE LEAGUE!  
CEASE FIRING...WE'VE  
LOST! REPORT  
AT ONCE TO  
HEADQUARTERS!

**A** CIVILIAN PATRIOT AND A PO-  
LICE SERGEANT IN A PATROL  
CAR, PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S  
VOICE...

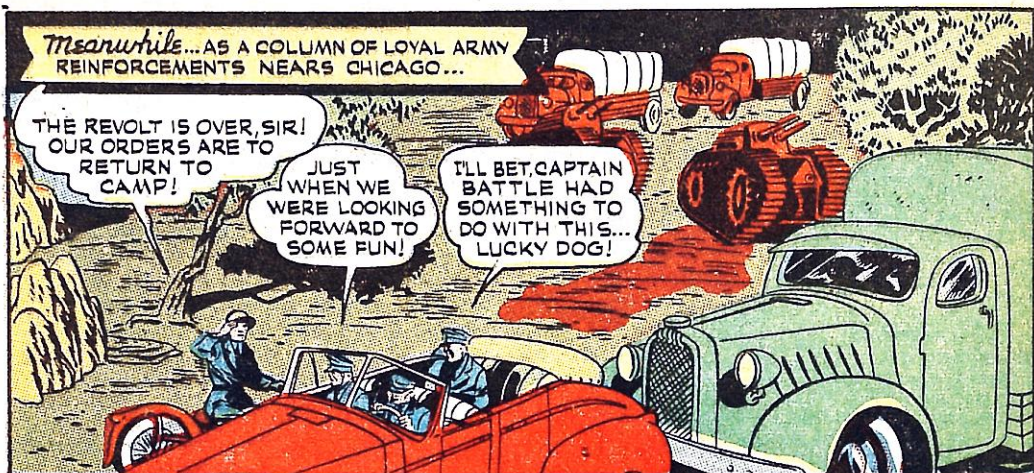
CALLING ALL POLICE CARS AND  
FRIENDS OF DEMOCRACY...  
PROCEED TO THE NATIONALIST  
BUILDING! THE HOODED MEN  
WILL BE FALLING BACK THERE!  
LONG LIVE DEMOCRACY!

HE'S RIGHT! ALL THE  
SHOOTING'S STOPPED!  
LET'S GO!

**L**EARNING THE LOCATION OF THE LEAGUE  
HEADQUARTERS, THE CAPTAIN TWIRLS  
THE DIAL TO POLICE WAVE LENGTH AND...



*Meanwhile...*...AS A COLUMN OF LOYAL ARMY REINFORCEMENTS NEARS CHICAGO...



**POLICE ROUND UP THE HOODED MEN!**



**THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...**



**CAPTAIN BATTLE!**

YES...I WANTED POWER...HE WAS IN MY WAY AND HAD TO BE REMOVED!

HERE'S BARLETT'S KILLER!

*Later...*...AT THE HOTEL...



DON'T ASK ME! WHEN THE EXCITEMENT STARTED, I KNOCKED ON HIS DOOR...THERE WAS NO ANSWER SO I SPENT THE LAST FEW HOURS IN THE CELLAR WITH THE OTHER GUESTS!

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER... WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

**THE CAPTAIN APPEARS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES...**



SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

HO! HUM! JUST SLEEPING... WHY? ANYTHING HAPPEN?

???

FOLLOW  
**CAPTAIN BATTLE'S**  
*Explosive* **SILVERSTREAK**  
COMICS EVERY MONTH!



# SENSATIONAL!

AT LAST!  
**DAREDEVIL**  
 AT HIS BEST  
 IN HIS OWN  
 COMIC BOOK!

## NEW DAREDEVIL COMICS

12  
 SMASH  
 FEATURES



EXTRA!  
 READ ABOUT  
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THE MOST SENSATIONAL CAST OF COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS EVER ASSEMBLED—STARRING DAREDEVIL HIMSELF—AND INCLUDING—

**THE LAW**  
 "WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN"  
 MORE RUTHLESS AND CUNNING THAN EVER BEFORE IS THIS MASTER OF DESTRUCTION IN HIS GREED INFIRMO SCHEMES TO CONQUER AMERICA...

**REAL AMERICAN #1**  
 SON OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—JEFF DIXON—PROMINENT YOUNG LAWYER, BECOMES THE BRAVIER TERROR—BRINGING TO JUSTICE THE EVIL FORCES THAT HARASS HIS PEOPLE—

**THE WHIRLWIND**  
 DECKLESS TERRY TURNER, YOUNG LUNGEY, LOVES FORTH TO FIGHTER HE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN—

**T. BLADE**  
 EMERGING FROM THE CHASMS AND DEBRIS OF WASHINGTON IS A DEVILISH FIGURE—WHO WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAWN INJECTS A NEW SPOT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE TUFFERS BRITONS—

**THE PIONEER CHAMPION OF AMERICA—**  
 NIGHTRO  
 THE STREAMLINED ROBINHOOD—

Also  
 FEATURING  
 SUCH SPECTACULAR  
 NEW STORIES AS—  
 PAT PATRIOT  
 "LEGION OF YOUNG AMERICA"  
 DASH DUNBAR  
 THRILLING SCHOOLBOY STORY...

The Greatest Name  
**DAREDEVIL**  
 New  
**COMICS**

AND MANY OTHER FEATURES

0th

**GET IT QUICK ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!**





**N**IGHT, the velvet night of the African jungle, fell like a cloak over Rombasa. From the camouflaged airport on the outskirts of the village came a low hum. It swelled to a roar. Transport planes, loaded with German soldiers, were thundering upward.

● *By Jay Diger* ●

Captain Battle, concealed by the shadow of a tree on the edge of the forest, paused to look up at the grey cigar-like shapes of the big Junkers. "Heading east!" he said to himself. "I wonder..." He broke off suddenly... "I've got more to do than worry about German planes. They've got Lance Hale in the jug—and I've got to get him out somehow.

Suddenly there came the scrape of a heavy boot. A Nazi sentry was approaching. Noiselessly, Battle withdrew, becoming part of the jungle.

**The Jungle could talk—and Lance Hale knew how to make it speak—when Captain Battle had to send his warning to the British under attack...**



"Thought I saw something moving here!" the soldier said, half-aloud. "Guess it was some animal!"

Rifle on shoulder, he turned. Then Battle leaped, fist swinging. It caught the sentry square on the chin. Without a word the sentry slumped to the ground. Battle smiled grimly. "Hmm—just about my size!" He dragged the limp figure into the jungle. A few minutes later he emerged—in the grey uniform of the sentry.

**L**ANCE HALE, soldier of fortune, stared dully at the floor of his cell in the mud jail of Rombasa, and waited for the dawn. The previous night, as he stole toward the hut of the Nazi commandant in search of information for the British Secret Service, he had been captured . . . He was to die on the morrow . . . Suddenly he raised his eyes.

The cell door had opened. Before him stood the turnkey, a sour smile on his rat-face. Beside him was a German soldier. "They are going to execute you in a little while, ahead of schedule," the turnkey said.

Lance rose slowly from his coat. "Okay—I'm ready."

The soldier led him into the almost deserted street. A wild idea of escape flashed through Lance's brain, but the soldier seemed to divine the thought. "I wouldn't if I were you," he said, raising his gun. He seemed to be smiling.

To Lance it seemed they had been walking hours, but they were only on the edge of the jungle. "Well, where's the firing squad?" he demanded. "Let's get it over with!"

"Don't be a sap," the soldier said. Lance's eyes popped as the other took off his helmet. "Captain Battle!—well, I'll be—!"

"I was told you might be in custody. Learn anything?"

Plenty. The Nazis are going to blitz Dibia, the British base, tomorrow morning. Surprise attack!"

Battle's jaw fell. "It's a five hundred mile trip—but the lucreflies ought to get us there!" He whipped off the grey tunic, revealing the familiar rocket mechanism on his back. "Grab my arm!"

Flame flashed from the rocket as Battle and Lance roared into the air. "It won't be long now!" Lance said, smiling. But he was wrong. For from below came the rat-tat-tat of an anti-aircraft gun. They had been spotted!

A streak of white tracer bullets cut through the night.

BANG!

"There go the lucreflies!" Battle cried. "We're going to crash into a tree!"

They flung up their arms as the tree rushed up to meet them.

"Off!"

"Yeow!"

Desperately, their hands closed over the welter of branches into which they had fallen. They clung there a moment, panting. Then they descended, faces bleeding, their bodies bruised.

"Now what?" said Battle. "With the lucreflies damaged, we'll never get to Dibia to warn them!"

Lance grinned. "I've got an idea. Come along."

Wondering, Battle followed him into the jungle. Deeper and deeper they went, until the stars disappeared. The jungle now was like a gigantic pit. "Ah—here it is!" Lance whispered tensely. Battle bent closer. "What?"

Lance's hand swept aside a carpet of twigs, revealing a long, hollow log. Beside it lay a club.

"Go ahead," Battle said, "I'll bite!"

For reply, Lance grabbed the club and began to beat the log. BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . Lance straightened up. "Listen!"

From the distance there came an answering Boom—Three times.

"I've got friends among the natives," Lance explained hurriedly. This is the jungle telegraph! They'll relay my message across Africa!" He sank to one knee, and the forest resounded to the eerie sound . . . Boom! BOOM! BOOM!

One hour later, a big native, his body stained with sweat and dust, staggered into the headquarters of the Dibia Division of the British Army of the Nile. Lieut.-Col. Howard Smythe leaped to his feet.

"Somba! . . . What brings you here?"

The big African gasped out a reply. "Jungle Boom-bomb talk . . . It say big force German soldiers headed this way . . . Surprise attack at rising of sun . . . Message from Lance . . ."

"Then Battle must have helped him escape!" Smythe ejaculated. He whirled, picked up a phone. "All leaves cancelled! . . . Radio the fleet for reinforcements . . . Order the women and children into the air-raid shelters . . . We'll give these blitzers a little surprise!"

It was mid-day and the sun was a fiery ball as Battle and Lance pushed on toward Dibia. "We ought to hear from them soon," Lance said . . . "Unless the message got there too late!"

"I hope not! . . . It'd make a massacre!" Battle broke off . . . "Say! . . . Do you hear what I hear?"

Lance listened intently. A faint smile appeared on his lips. For the silent jungle was speaking.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The jungle said.

"What's the message?" Battle demanded impatiently.

Lance translated the code aloud. "Nazis attacked . . . But Garrison prepared . . . we won thanks to you . . . Cheerio! . . . Smythe!"

The two men grinned at each other, then resumed the weary trek. In the distance the booming faded . . . The jungle had spoken . . .

THE END



# THE UNDERCOVER MAN



BY NATHANIEL NITKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DENNIS NEVILLE

FLOWER LADY, TOUGHIE, SOCIALITE, OR EMIGRANT---NO MATTER UNDER WHAT DISGUISE--PHIL BARROWS WAS FIRST OF ALL A VERY GOOD DETECTIVE. NOBODY KNEW HIM AS THE UNDERCOVER MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT GANGSTERS AND CRIMINALS WOULD DO NEXT!

DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS REPORTS TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD AT CENTRE STREET HEADQUARTERS.

HOWDY, BOYS! HAVE THE DIPS TAKEN YOUR WATCHES YET?

WELL, WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED IF IT AIN'T PHIL BARROWS. LONE WOLVES AIN'T POPULAR HERE, THE KID THAT MADE GOOD AT 11TH PRECINCT!

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN CASSIDY HAS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

YOU, DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS, GO TO THIS ADDRESS. DOPEY BRODY WAS FOUND ... SHOT IN HIS SLEEP. HE WAS A STOOL PIGEON.

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!



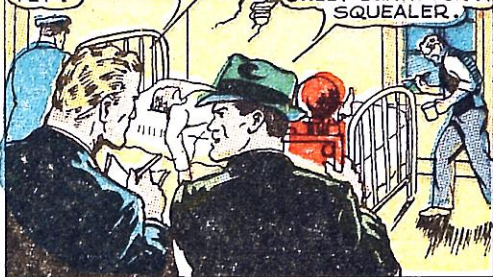


CASSIDY THOUGHT HE COULD GET RID OF ME FOR A SPELL, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM. DOPEY BRODY WAS AT THE D.A.'S TO SQUEAL ON JOE THE SNAKE!



SHOT IN HEART, THROAT, AND HEAD BY .38 BULLETS. HAS THE M.E. BEEN HERE YET?

YEAH, SAID DOPEY WAS SHOT IN HIS SLEEP ABOUT 2 A.M. SWEET DEATH FOR A SQUEALER.



\* MEDICAL EXAMINER

AS PHIL BARROWS IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE SEES EDUARDO DONATI, A POLITICAL WARD HEALER, TALKING TO A ROOKIE POLICEMAN.

'DONATI! THIS IS HIS WARD DISTRICT! HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT DOPEY'S KILLING!

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M WARNING YOU NOT TO PRESS THAT DISORDERLY WARRANT ON BUGS HALLORAN!



ANY FINGERPRINTS?

NOT MUCH. DOPEY LEFT PLENTY. THEN THERE WERE SOME GIRLS' PRINTS, BUT THE KILLERS MUST HAVE WORN GLOVES!



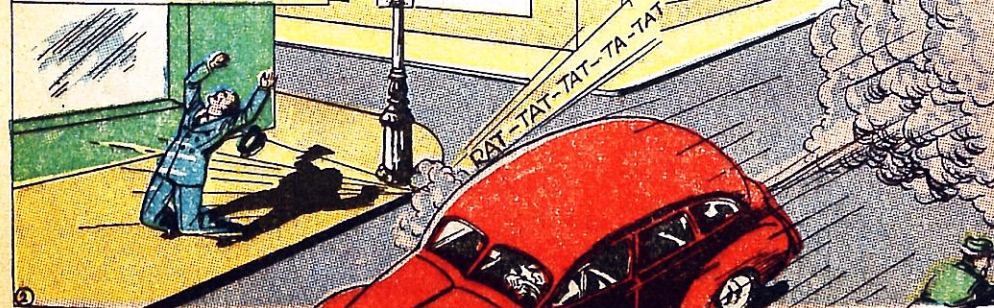
REGAN, YOU KNOW I CAN BREAK YOU. IF YOU DO WHAT I SAY, YOU WILL FIND A BONUS IN YOUR PAY CHECK!



NO CHEAP POLITICIAN CAN BRIBE ME!



LATER IN THE DAY, AS PATROLMAN REGAN WALKS ALONG THE SIDEWALK, A SEDAN PASSES HIM AND.....



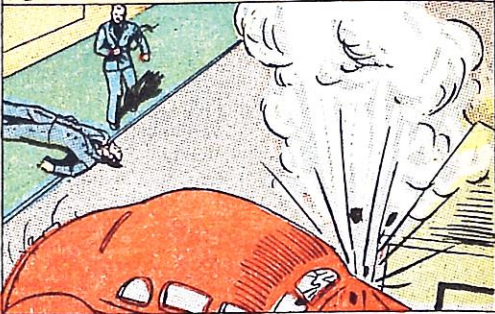


THEY GOT REGAN! I GUESSED RIGHT. DONATI'S LINKED UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD.

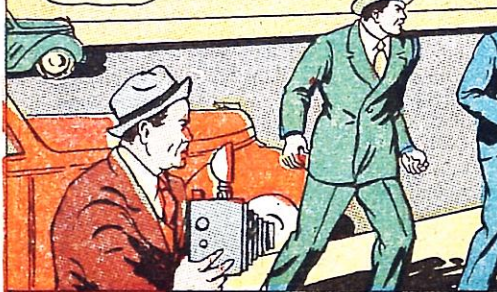


BARROWS, STILL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WITNESSES THE KILLING.

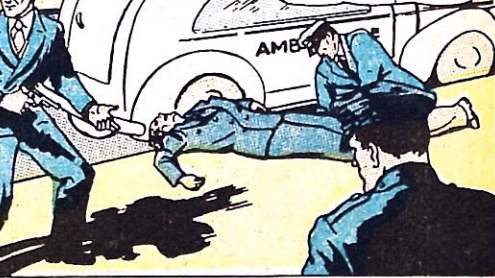
PHIL BARROWS' ACCURATE SHOOTING PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S REAR TIRE.



GOOD WORK, KID, BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



REGAN REFUSED TO BE BRIBED, DONNELLY! PERHAPS IT'S THE SAME GANG THAT BUMPED OFF DOPEY BRODY!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BARROWS! BUT WE NEED PROOF!

I'LL GET THE PROOF!



PHIL RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND TAKES OUT HIS MAKE-UP KIT.

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK!



PHIL EMERGES FROM HIS HOUSE, AN OLD WOMAN CARRYING FLOWERS.

I'LL HAUNT DONATI'S WARD UNTIL I GET A LEAD!



BUY A FLOWER, PLEASE! BUY A FLOWER!

OKAY! GIVE ME A QUARTER'S WORTH.





I'M LUCKIER THAN I THOUGHT! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE BUGS HALLORAN AND FATS SCHULTZ! FATS IS A PAL OF JOE THE SNAKE!



THIS MAKE-UP HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE! NOW, LET'S SEE .... I HAVE IT!

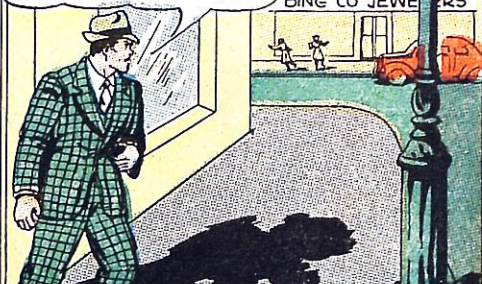


PHIL BECOMES A HARDENED CRIMINAL— A GUNMAN JUST OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.



HELLO, SLUG MARTIN, WHEN DID YOU GET OUT?

IF DONATI GIVES FATS PROTECTION, HIS WARD'S THE BEST HUNTING GROUND. HEY— WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?



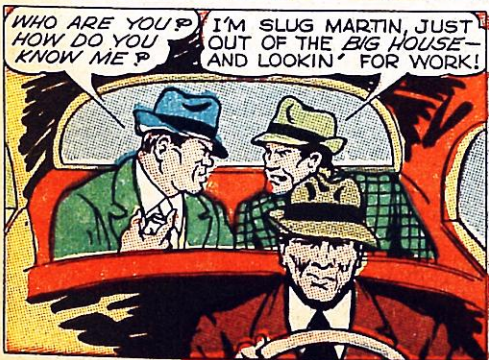
HALT OR I'LL FIRE!

GANGWAY!



TAKE THAT, COPPER! WAIT FOR ME, FATS!

CRACK



WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

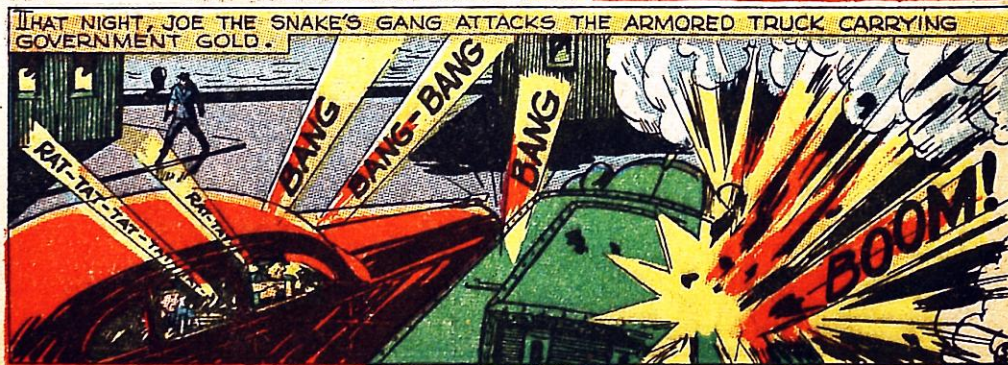
I'M SLUG MARTIN, JUST OUT OF THE BIG HOUSE— AND LOOKIN' FOR WORK!



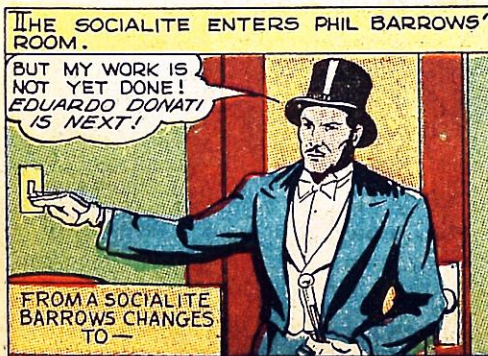
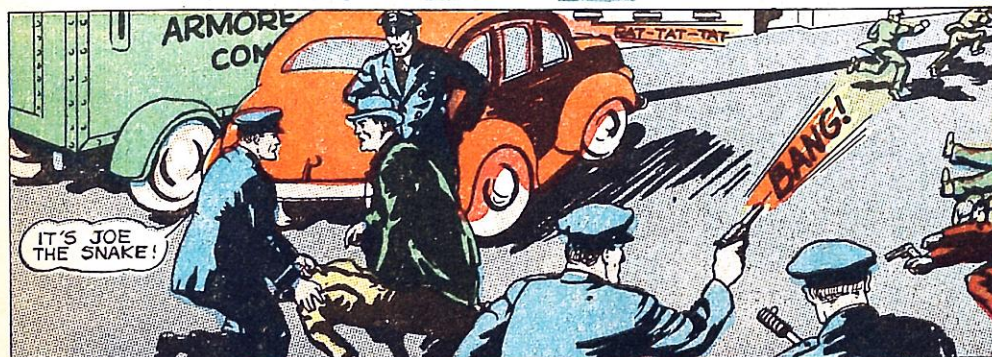
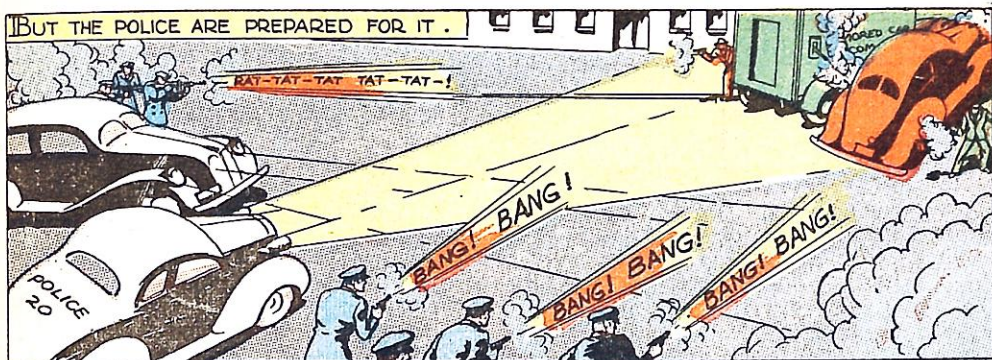
YEAH? WELL YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT FLATFOOT, SO I'LL SPEAK TO JOE THE SNAKE ABOUT GIVING YOU A JOB.

THANKS, FATS!

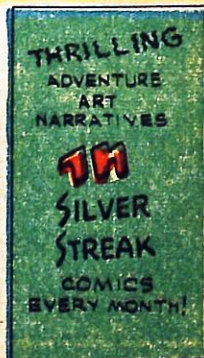
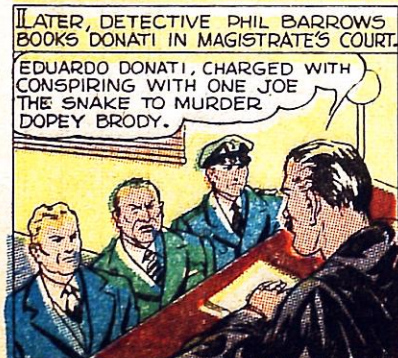
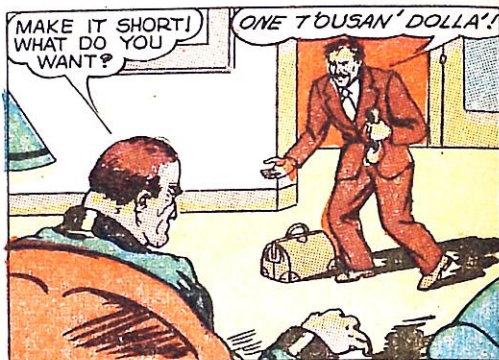














# Gunner and Gupey

**GUNNER AND GUPEY**, JUST TWO ORDINARY AMERICAN BOYS, ONE FROM THE EAST SIDE NEW YORK CITY, ONE FROM THE FARM IN THE MID-WEST. THEY MEET IN A TANK—BECOME PALS IN WORK AND PLAY, SHARING THEIR JOYS AND GRIEFS TOGETHER IN OUR ARMY.

TH' SERGEANT SAID FOR ME TO REPORT TO TANK 13 AND BE THE GUNNER. BUT WHERE AT IS MY DRIVER. TH' DARN THING DON'T RUN BY ITSELF----

---OR DOES IT?

I'VE GOTTA MISERY

OINK-OINK  
CHUG-CLANK  
BONG-BLUK  
ANG-UNG  
CLANG--

REPORT TO  
TANK  
NO. 13

RAT-A  
TAT TAT

JAW.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!  
I WAS JES FOOLIN!  
STOP-STOP! I SAY!  
GO BACK.

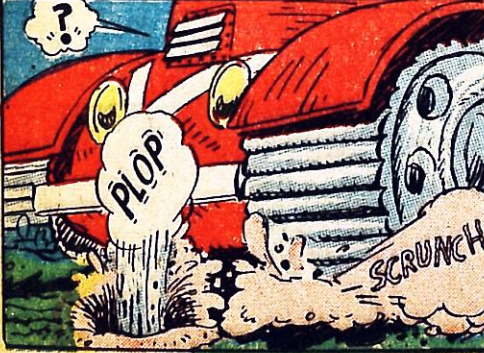
I WONDER WHERE MY  
GUNNER IS?-- O-HUM,  
GUESS I'LL KINDA  
WARM UP!

TIP-TOE

ELP-HELP-

IT'S ALIVE--  
HASH, MINCE MEAT,  
I SHOULD BE.

I WONDER WHAT THAT LITTLE  
FELLER IS RUNNING FOR?

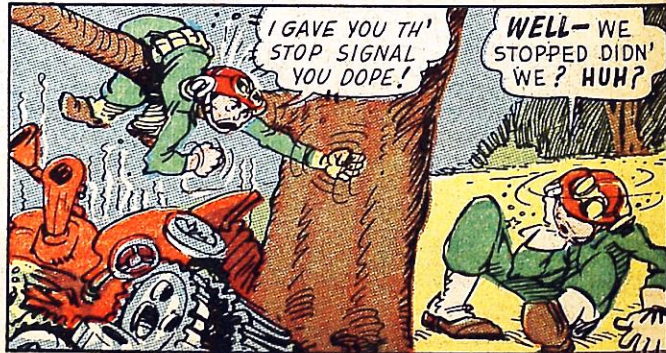
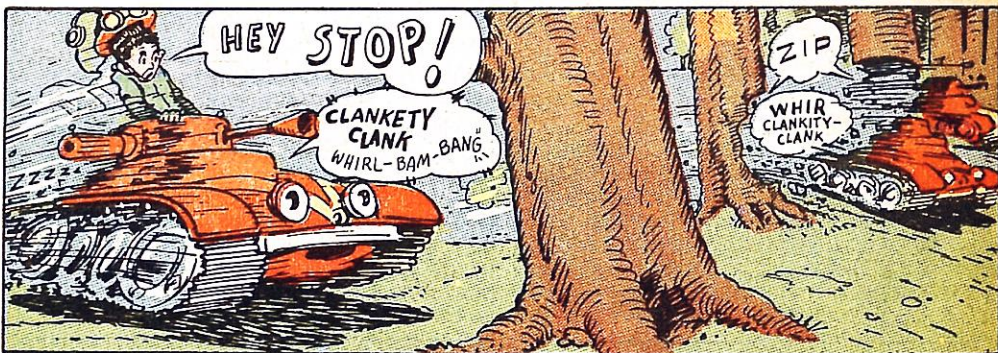
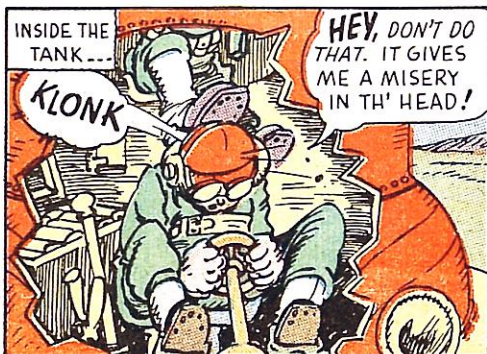
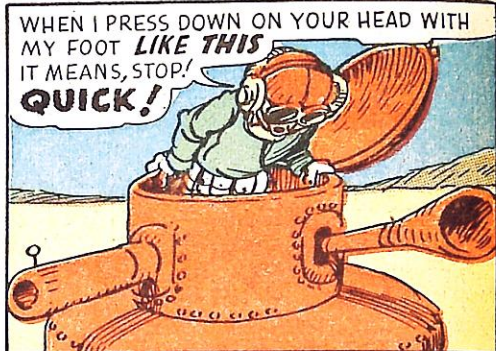
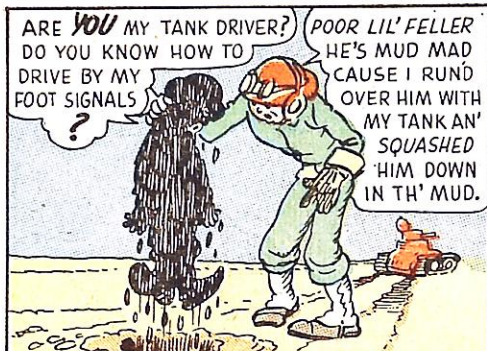


GOSH, I GOTTA MISERY  
IN MY BACK AND IN  
MY HEART CAUSE I  
RUN OVER AND  
**SQUASHED** THAT  
LITTLE FELLER.

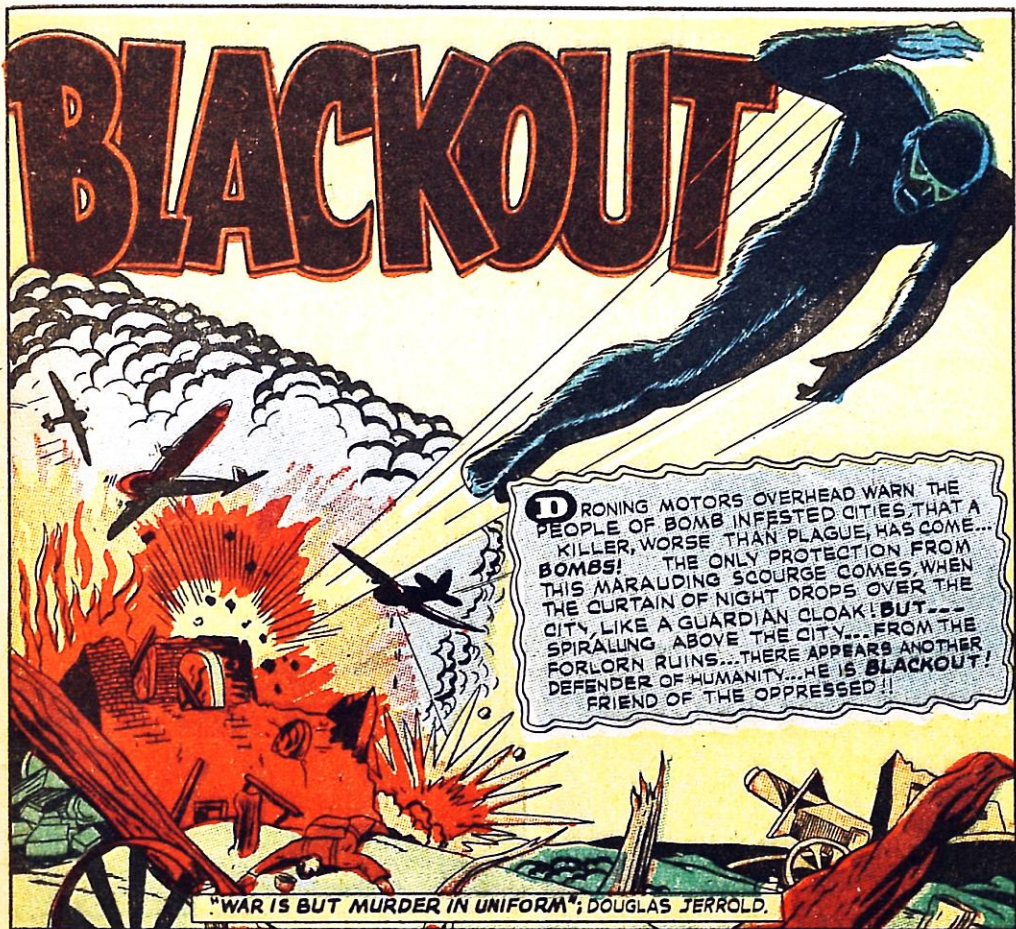
THUMP  
THUMP













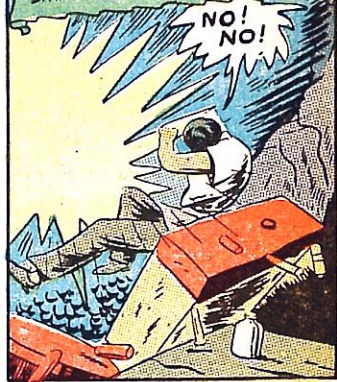
IT'S COMING CLOSER! A DIVE BOMBER! LORD! DOESN'T THE ACCURSED DEVIL KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL? NO! NO! DON'T!



BUT, DR. BRUSILOFF'S HYSTERICAL PLEADING COULD NEVER BE HEARD BY THE GAUNT PILOT WHO DROPS HIS CARGO OF DEATH ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF!



A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF FLAME AND BRUTE FORCE SMASHES INTO THE LABORATORY!



WHEN A SHROUDED MYSTERY OVERTAKES THE ROOM, AS THE CHEMICALS AND MEDICINES SPILLED FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES, IGNITE TO BILLOW OUT STREAMS OF JET BLACK SMOKE THAT WHIRLS AROUND DR. BRUSILOFF WITH CYCLONIC FORCE!



THE CHOKING FUMES EVAPORATE AND A NEW MYSTIFICATION COMMENCES, AS DR. BRUSILOFF'S CLOTHES DISINTEGRATE OFF HIS BODY AND...

SURPRISY!

MY BODY! IT'S TURNED BLACK... DEEPER THAN NIGHT!



STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR, HE VIEWS HIS EBONY REFLECTION! AT THE SAME TIME, HE EXPERIENCES A NEW-FOUND THRILL, AS TREMENDOUS ENERGY SURGES THROUGH HIS FRAME!

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS TO ME, I DO NOT CARE! ALL THAT I KNOW IS, I FEEL THE MIGHTY COMMAND OF A MILLION SOULS, WHO HAVE PERISHED FROM OPPRESSION IN THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP DEMOCRACY ALIVE, APPEALING TO ME TO CARRY ON THEIR IDEALS! I MUST BLACK OUT TYRANNY... YES I WILL! FOR I AM **BLACKOUT**!





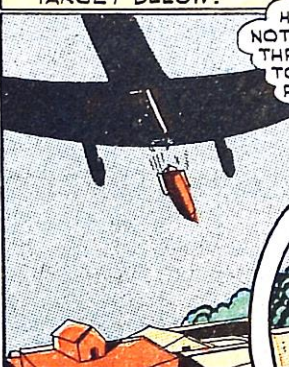
TWELVE HOURS LATER... THREE BOMBERS HEDGE THE OUTSKIRTS OF BELGRADE...

UNDER THIS CONTINUED BOMBING THE CAPITOL WILL SOON FALL!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE ARYAN!

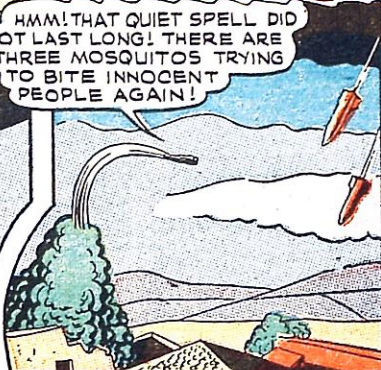


AND JOCKEY OVER THE WAREHOUSES WHERE THEY DROP THEIR BOMBS UNERRINGLY FOR THE TARGET BELOW!



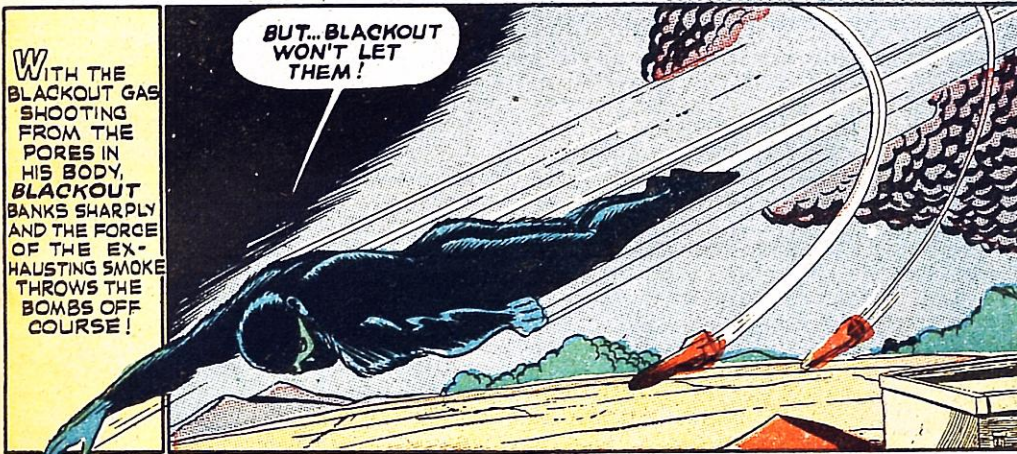
THEN, UPWARD FROM THE RUINS OF A BOMBED HOSPITAL, ZOOMS A LIVID FIGURE, LEAVING BEHIND A PITCHY SMOKE... IT IS BLACKOUT!

HMM! THAT QUIET SPELL DID NOT LAST LONG! THERE ARE THREE MOSQUITOS TRYING TO BITE INNOCENT PEOPLE AGAIN!



WITH THE BLACKOUT GAS SHOOTING FROM THE PORES IN HIS BODY, BLACKOUT BANKS SHARPLY AND THE FORCE OF THE EXHAUSTING SMOKE THROWS THE BOMBS OFF COURSE!

BUT... BLACKOUT WON'T LET THEM!



...AND THEY EXPLODE HARMLESSLY IN THE SAVO RIVER TO THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY!



HANS! DID YOU SEE THAT?

YA! IT MUST BE THE SECRET WEAPON WE HAVE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT! IT CAN'T BE HUMAN!



MORTAL FEAR GRIPS THE PILOTS AS BLACKOUT PURSUES THEM!

HA! THEY COWER AT SOMETHING THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE HIGH COMMAND!





BLACKOUT TAILS THE PLANES INTO ENEMY LAND, AND TIRING OF THE CHASE...

THIS IS GETTING DULL!



...DECIDES TO END IT!

PARDON MY SMOKE, CHUMS!



THE DENSE BLACKOUT SMOKE SNEEPS INTO THE PLANE!

I CAN'T SEE!  
...CAN'T BREATHE...!

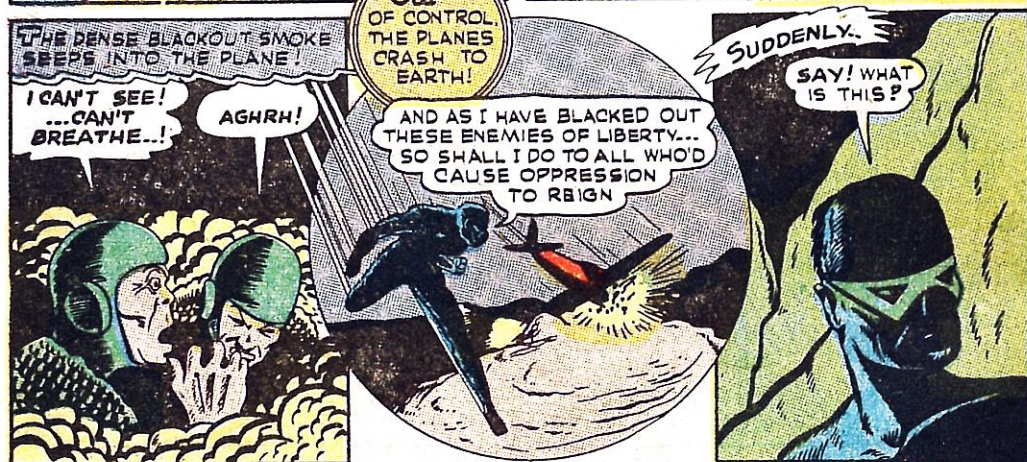
AGHRH!

Out  
OF CONTROL,  
THE PLANES  
CRASH TO  
EARTH!

AND AS I HAVE BLACKED OUT  
THESE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY...  
SO SHALL I DO TO ALL WHO'D  
CAUSE OPPRESSION  
TO REIGN

SUDDENLY...

SAY! WHAT  
IS THIS?



A PITIFUL SIGHT IS REVEALED TO BLACKOUT  
AS HE SEES HUNDREDS OF BEDRAGGLED PEOPLE  
MARCHING WEARILY UNDER VICIOUS  
PRODS OF KEEN-EDGED BAYONETS!

SO, YOU WON'T  
MARCH, EH?  
TAKE THIS!

...CAN'T...  
I'M  
EXHAUSTED!  
NO! PLEASE!

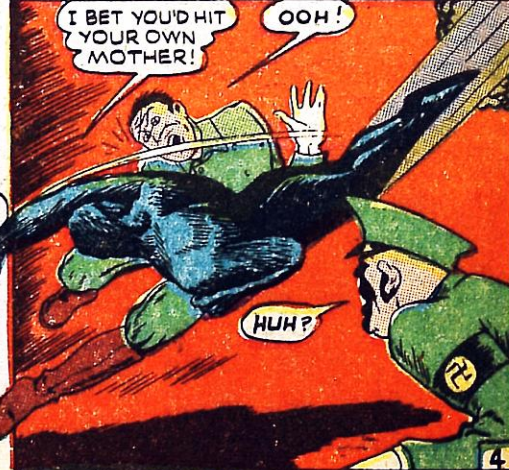
AH! HIT HER,  
JOSEF!



I BET YOU'D HIT  
YOUR OWN  
MOTHER!

OOH!

HUH?





SNATCHING THE FALLEN RIFLE, BLACKOUT CRACKS INTO THE OTHER GUARD!



WHAT ARE YOU HUNING ABOUT?

WHAT INSULT TO JUSTICE IS THIS? GUARDS BEATING WOMEN...HUNGRY MEN?



WE ARE PRISONERS FROM OCCUPIED LAND, DRAFTED INTO LABOR! THEY CHAIN US TO MACHINES... AND MAKE US MANUFACTURE TANKS! IF WE REFUSE, THEY FORCE US TO MARCH IN THE YARDS ALL DAY!

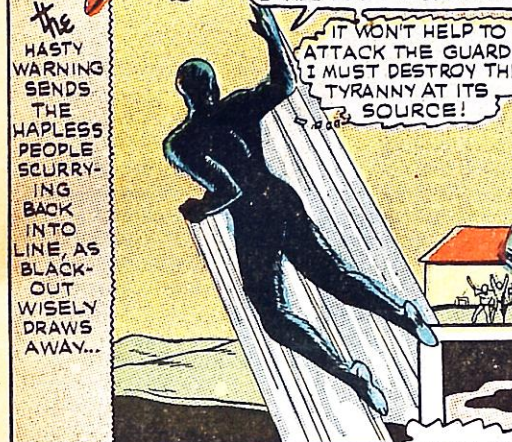
NONE OF US ARE FIT TO DO THE WORK! IT'S TERRIBLE!

QUICK! GET IN LINE...HERE COME MORE GUARDS!



COURAGE, PEOPLE, YOU SHALL SEE FREEDOM YET!

THE HASTY WARNING SENDS THE HAPLESS PEOPLE SCURRYING BACK INTO LINE, AS BLACKOUT WISELY DRAWS AWAY...



IT WON'T HELP TO ATTACK THE GUARDS! I MUST DESTROY THE TYRANNY AT ITS SOURCE!

LATER...ON THE ENEMY FACTORY GROUNDS.

INFORMATION IS WHAT I NEED AND THIS IS THE WAY TO GET IT!



COULD YOU BE LOOKING FOR ME? I AM HIMMEL...BAH! SHOOT BOTH OF THEM... I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON TRAITOROUS GUARDS AND BLACK-ENED FOOLS!

WHA?

YAH!

WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THIS SLAVE FACTORY? SPEAK!

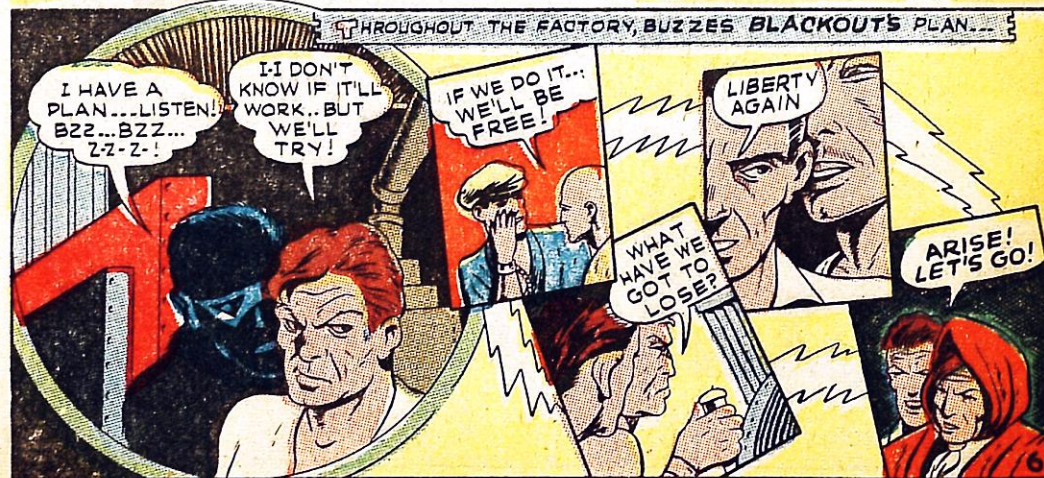


STOP! I'LL TELL! IT'S HEINRICH HIMMEL!

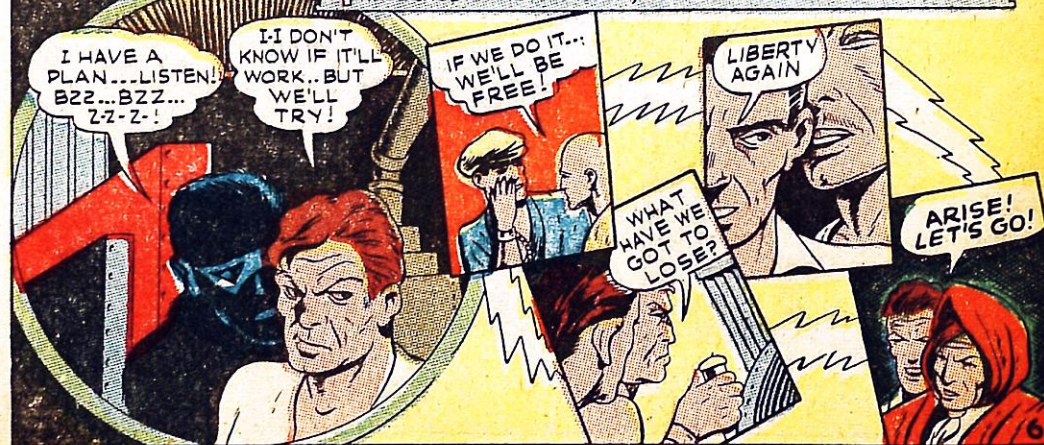




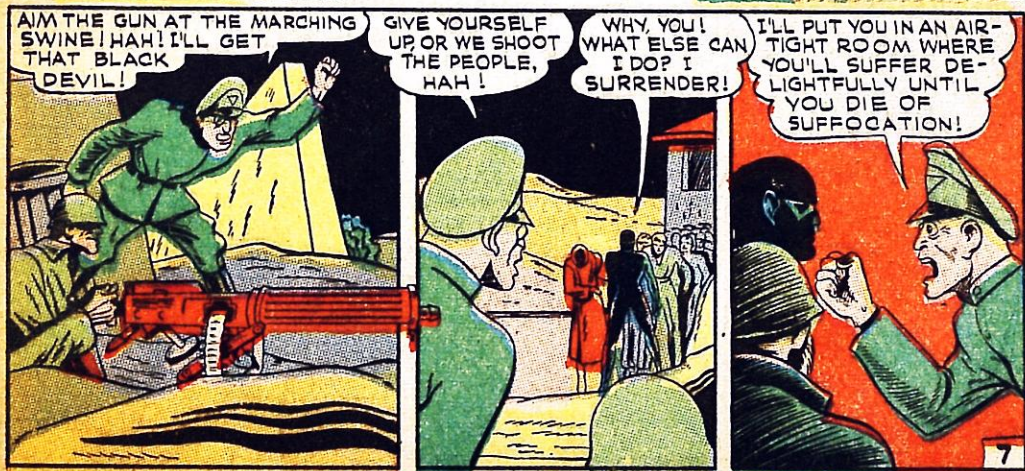
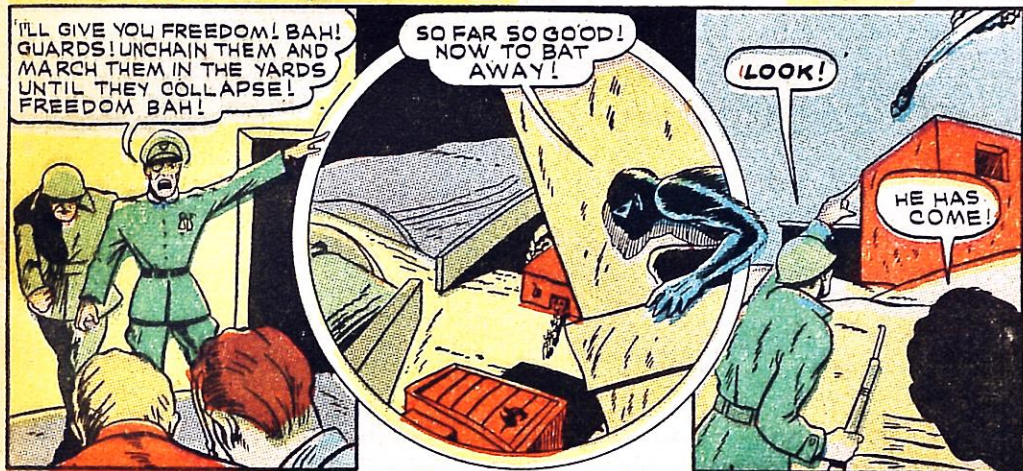
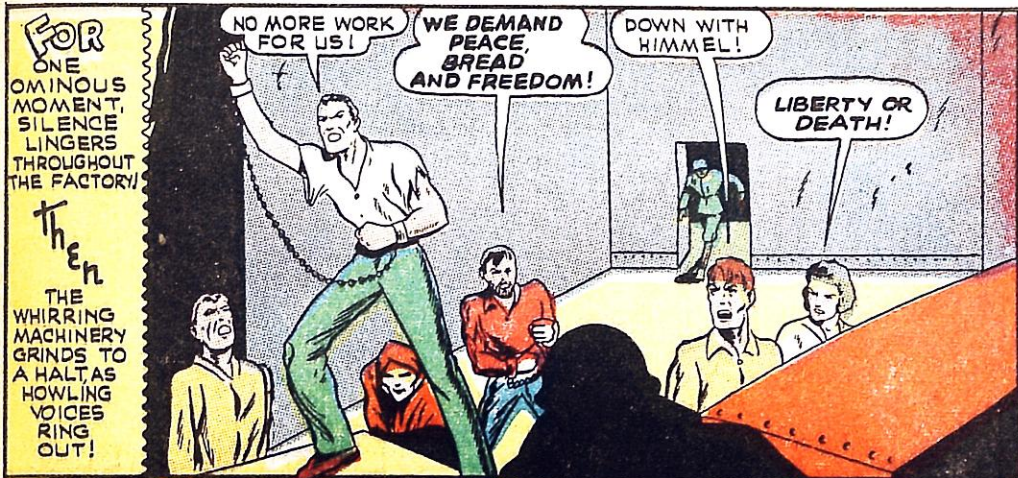
IN A FLASH, BLACKOUT CIRCLES AROUND HIMMEL AND THROWS OUT A WALL OF RAVEN SMOKE!



THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY, BUZZES BLACKOUTS PLAN...









**BLACKOUT IS RUTHLESSLY THROWN INTO A STEEL-GIRDED CELL AND THE AIR-TIGHT DOOR IS SHUT...**

WHEW! I WONDER HOW MANY VICTIMS THIS TORTURE CHAMBER HAS CLAIMED? SAY! THEY'RE DRAWING THE AIR OUT NOW!



IT'S STARTED ALREADY... GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE! NO! I CAN'T LET THOSE HELPLESS PEOPLE DOWN! ARRR!



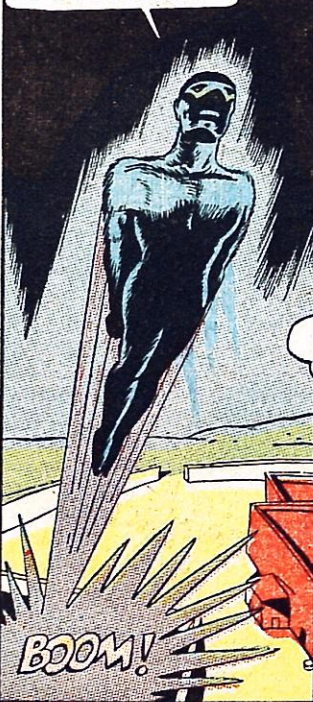
**MEANWHILE... HIMMEL, WITH SADISTIC PLEASURE EXECUTES HIS BRUTALITY OVER THE MARCHING PEOPLE!**

UP ON YOUR FEET, PIGS! MARCH! HA! YOU THOUGHT THAT BLACK DEVIL WOULD GIVE YOU FREEDOM! **BAH! MARCH! HAH!**

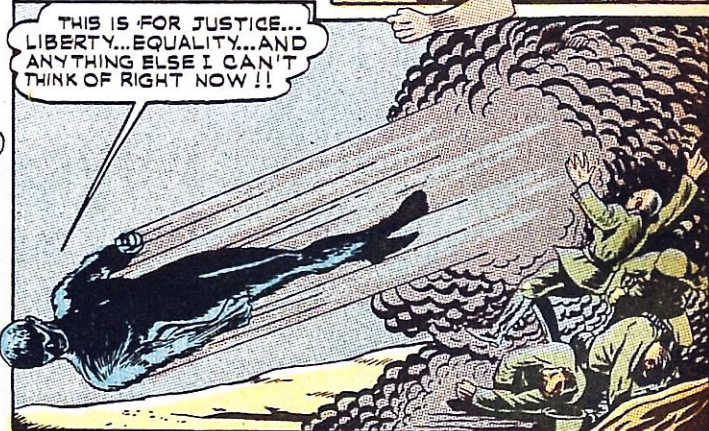


**A TERRIFIC DETONATION DROWNS OUT HIMMEL'S CRAZED VOICE, AS THE ROOF OF THE FACTORY BLOWS OFF AND OUT SHOOTS BLACKOUT!**

LEAVING OUT BLACKOUT SMOKE DID IT! IT BUILT UP TONS OF PRESSURE AND BLEW THE CELL APART! NOW TO EDUCATE THOSE SLOBS WITH DECENCY!!



THIS IS FOR JUSTICE... LIBERTY... EQUALITY... AND ANYTHING ELSE I CAN'T THINK OF RIGHT NOW!!



THE GUARDS SUCCUMB TO BLACKOUT'S WHIRLWIND ATTACK... THEN THE NEWLY FREED PEOPLE GATHER AROUND HIM!

BLESS YOU SIR! I.....!

NO TIME FOR THAT! WHERE DO THEY STORE THE COMPLETED TANKS?

IN THAT BIG GARAGE!



**SUDDENLY... THE GARAGE DOORS OPEN AND A TANK DARTS FORWARD... ITS GUNS BELCHING DEATH!**

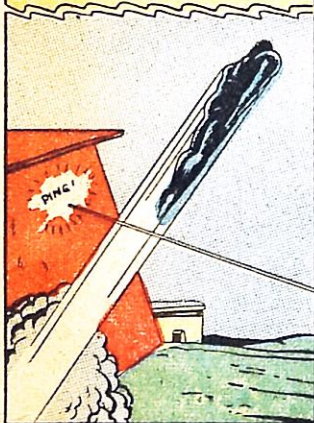
HIMMEL AGAIN!

TAKE DEATH, AS THE PRIZE FOR YOUR FOOLISH FREEDOM!

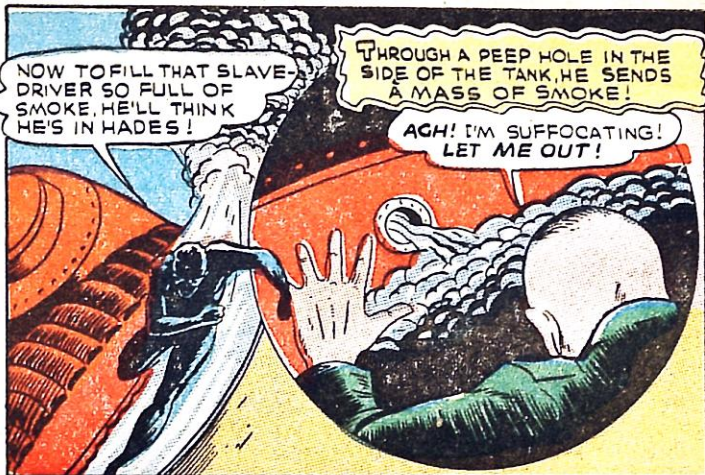




**BLACKOUT CATAPULTS  
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE---**



NOW TO FILL THAT SLAVE-  
DRIVER SO FULL OF  
SMOKE, HE'LL THINK  
HE'S IN HADES!



THROUGH A PEEP HOLE IN THE  
SIDE OF THE TANK, HE SENDS  
A MASS OF SMOKE!

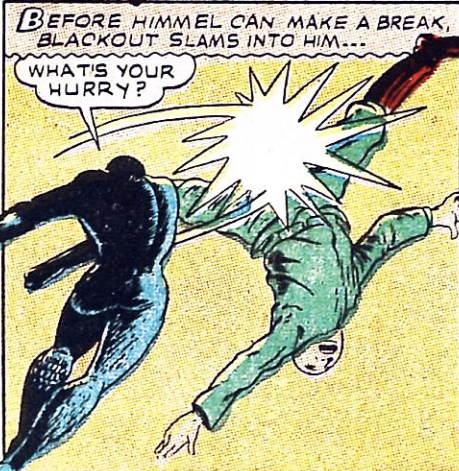
ACH! I'M SUFFOCATING!  
LET ME OUT!

THAT'S BETTER! THIS  
GUY MUST BE THE  
DEVIL HIMSELF!



BEFORE HIMMEL CAN MAKE A BREAK,  
BLACKOUT SLAMS INTO HIM...

WHAT'S YOUR  
HURRY?



...AND TOSSES HIM TO  
THE MEN AND WOMEN!

MERCY.. NO!



**SO**  
HIMMEL  
IS GIVEN  
A BEATING  
BY THE  
FRENZIED  
GROUP AS  
ONLY A  
CROWD  
DRIVEN  
MAD BY  
PENT-UP  
HATRED  
CAN  
GIVE!

MAKE US  
MARCH ALL  
DAY, WILL  
YOU?

HELP!  
MERCY!

I'LL GIVE YOU  
MERCY!  
TAKE THIS!

THAT'S  
ENOUGH  
FOR HIM!

ALL MEN ABLE TO DRIVE TAKE OVER  
THE TANKS... PILE IN AS MANY  
PEOPLE AS THEY  
WILL HOLD!

AS YOU SAY,  
BLACKOUT!

SURE!  
HE'LL  
GIVE US  
LIBERTY!





INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE CAREFULLY...  
**BLACKOUT** THEN ISSUES AN EBONY SMOKE,  
WHICH FORMS A SCREENING TUNNEL ... THE  
TANKS ,LADEN WITH PEOPLE,SPEED INTO IT !

HURRAH!  
WE'RE  
OFF!

THREE CHEERS FOR  
BLACKOUT AND  
FREEDOM!



THROUGH  
MOUNTAIN  
BY-PASSES  
AND  
CROWDED  
CITY STREETS,  
FLASHES  
**BLACKOUT**  
AND  
TANKS,  
HIDDEN IN  
THE  
DENSE  
SMOKE  
SCREEN!

GAS!  
YEEOW!

LET ME  
OUT OF HERE!  
THE ENEMY  
IS UPON  
US!

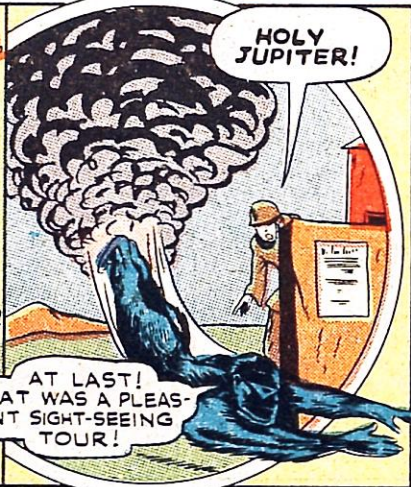


and

THE  
FANTASTIC  
TRIP  
NEARS  
ITS  
END AS  
HE ZIPS  
BY THE  
BORDER  
GUARDS  
INTO  
FRIENDLY  
TERRITORY!

HOLY  
JUPITER!

AT LAST!  
THAT WAS A PLEAS-  
ANT SIGHT-SEEING  
TOUR!



THE LAST TANK ROLLS THROUGH AS THE  
SMOKE BARRIER FADES AWAY !

WOW!  
WE  
MADE  
IT!

FREEDOM  
IS OURS!

HEY!



YOU DID IT ,MR. BLACKOUT!  
WE'RE FREE AGAIN...  
THANKS TO YOU!

YOU ARE A  
CRUSADER AGAINST  
OPPRESSION!

LONG LIVE  
BLACKOUT!



THANK YOU,EVERYONE ... THE  
AUTHORITIES HERE, WILL TREAT  
YOU WITH RESPECT! WHEN THE  
HOSTILITIES ARE OVER, I'M  
SURE YOUR LAND WILL WELCOME  
YOU BACK...AND YOU WILL  
NEVER AGAIN BE SLAVES  
OF BRUTAL TYRANNY!

DON  
RICO









**BEST** of them **ALL!**

# SILVER STREAK COMICS



**METEOR**  
CITY YOUNGSTER  
TURNED  
**STREAK!**



*The Great*  
**SILVER STREAK**



*The One and Only*  
**CAPT. BATTLE**  
AND HIS SKY-SOARING PROTEGE  
**MALE BATTLE!**

THE MOST  
BREATH-TAKING  
FEATURES IN  
COMIC BOOK HISTORY  
**NOW** APPEAR **TOGETHER**  
IN ONE GREAT BOOK!  
**DON'T MISS**  
**SILVER STREAK COMICS**  
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

**NOW** AND EVERY MONTH



*The*  
**DAREDEVIL**  
SWORN FOE  
OF CRIME

## 3 POWERFULL FEATURES!